THE

BRITISH LADY'S MAGAZINE.

No. 8.] AUGUST 1, 1815. [2 of Vol. 2.

"Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
"In HER build loveliest." MILTON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR fair Subscribers are respectfully informed that our ensuing number will contain a Portrait of a living female of distinguished talents, whose likeness we were not enabled to obtain in time for the present month; although, by being induced to suppose so, we have not left ourselves an opportunity to supply any other, with a proper attention to authenticity and execution.—ED.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must pardon my candour when I tell you that one of the best-conducted departments of your Magazine is that which is devoted to the Memoirs of eminent Women of Great Britain; but, in a miscellany addressed to the female sex, I think an entertaining addition might be made, by inserting now and then a notice of some celebrated woman, a native of a foreign country. As I have a little leisure time I will devote it to this purpose, hoping that you will give insertion to what I send, and that it will induce others who may meet with sources of information to follow my example. Without further preface, therefore, I will begin with a lady now little known, though most highly celebrated in the day in which she lived.

Your well-wisher,

M. S.

LUCRETIA HELEN CORNARA, THE FEMALE DOCTOR.

This noble lady was a descendant of Catherine Cornara, of a dignified Venetian family, who afterwards became Queen of Cyprus in 1472, by her marriage with James, who procured himself to be chosen king. Lucretia Cornara is represented by biographers as one of the most learned and singular persons of her age. She was born at Venice in 1646, and in her infancy gave singular proofs of early abilities. Her father was procurator of St. Mark,* and, in consequence of the studious disposition of his child, who had a surprising facility in learning and in retaining what she learnt, he ordered that she should be taught Latin. She began before she had attained her seventh year, being provided with the ablest masters. Her progress was extremely rapid, as she read and wrote the language with perfect correctness in the course of a year; and then she commenced Greek under the tuition of two celebrated doctors, Fabris and Bartolot, and afterwards of a native Greek, the keeper of the Venetian library. Hebrew was her next attempt, and, accomplishing that, she studied the modern languages, Spanish and

* The procurator of St. Mark is the person in the republic of Venice next in rank to the doge, or duke.

French; all which she is said to have acquired before she was twelve years old. Some of her letters, in Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French, are still preserved in the library of Venice, and are said to shew a most masterly command of those tongues.

Before she was eleven years old, her Jesuit biographers (who doubtless had great influence in inducing her to adopt the step) state that she vowed celibacy, and resolved to consecrate herself to religion. Under Charles Renaldini, one of the professors of the university of Padua, she dived into the mysteries of philosophy and theology. Her parents soon afterwards proposed an advantageous marriage to her, which she rejected, alledging her vow as the excuse. A dispensation was, however, procured from the pope, which Lucretia no sooner saw than she is said to have fainted, so strong was her religious fervour and so fixed her resolution. She afterwards escaped in disguise, and was only discovered when she was endeavouring to enter a convent of the order of St. Benedict, to the principal of which she had represented herself as a man. Her parents, finding her determination unalterable, consented to forego the marriage on condition that she would return and live at home. Here she underwent the most severe privations, her austerities were unequalled; she wore clothes of horse-hair and sack-cloth, and constantly sustained a weight of forty pounds of chains: she lived upon bread and water, and never could be prevailed upon to quit one gloomy apartment. These facts appear to be well authenticated; and one of her historians, in admiration of her self-devotion, says, "that, as she was perhaps the most learned person of her age, so she knew best how to apply that learning." Happily in our day knowledge has not this effect; we apply it to better, because more useful, purposes—to give happiness to ourselves by giving happiness to others.

Soon after she had attained her thirty-second year, singular as it may seem, she was presented with the doctor's cap by the university of Padua. It was a most unprecedented spectacle, and an immense concourse of persons of all ranks and from all countries was assembled in the cathedral to witness the ceremony. She underwent a public examination, and the judges were so struck with her profound erudition that they made the following entry in the acts of the university:—

"We, the judges of the tribunal of the university of Padua, certify, that the noble lady Helen Lucretia Cornara is acquainted with the sciences and belles-lettres to such a surprising degree that she deserves to be placed among the doctors of the university, and we accordingly admit her *mistress of arts*. Passed at Padua, 25 June, 1678, in the cathedral of the city, none of the halls of the college being sufficiently large for the accommodation of the crowd of spectators."

The university also wished to give her the doctor's cap of theology, but it was negatived by the opposition of some of the cardinals and the bishop of Padua. By this ceremony her name became known throughout Europe, and her society was much sought by learned men of all countries; but her mode of living was so retired and austere that few were allowed to enjoy an interview. She died in 1684, at the age of thirty-eight years; having, it is supposed, hastened her end by the unheard-of severities with which she afflicted herself almost to the day of her death. Her father erected a marble monument to her memory in the church of St. Justina, giving a short character and history of this most singular woman.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

IT is generally expected by readers that travellers should "tell strange things;" and they accordingly interweave a sufficient number of extraordinary occurrences, which they may happen either to have seen, or which they have heard related, or which their reading may have supplied them with.

In a work called "A Ramble from Bristol," the following singular circumstance is related, which is said to have been narrated to the Rambler by an old shepherd at Freshwater.* —"One morning," says he, "as I was looking for a strayed ewe, I came up with some bird-catchers: they presently prepared their tackle and went down the cliffs, and left the wife of one of them behind to shift the ropes and do such offices as the nature of their business required. That she might the better attend to her charge, the woman had placed beneath her cloak, at a small distance, a sleeping boy about twelve months old, and, thinking all was safe, applied herself to her task; when, shortly looking round, she perceived, to her great astonishment, that the child had crept from beneath the covering, and had wantonly reached the extreme verge of the cliff, at least eight hundred feet above the sea, and wanted but a few inches more to sink into eternity! Alarmed at his perilous situation, the mother stood in fixed and silent terror and affright. To rush forward was to destroy her infant, playful and unconscious of his danger. What was to be done? Heaven inspired her with the sudden thought—she bared her breast, and called by signs which feeling mothers best devise her boy's attention: he saw his favourite source, stretched forth his arms, and, smiling, hastened to the fountain of his life and health; while the eager mother, in speechless transport, first hugged him to her bosom, then bore him from the reach of danger; and still retiring some paces further back, but only to fall and faint, overcome with her affright and swift-returning extasy."

This remarkable instance of the power of nature and maternal affection seems a more natural than probable occurrence. Your fair readers can, however, best determine or conceive whether it is likely that a mother, in such a situation, should preserve sufficient presence of mind to think of such a resource for averting the impending danger. It is not, however, meant to be insinuated that such an occurrence is so improbable as never to have happened; but it seems more probable that the above Rambler may have resorted to his books to supply the deficiency in the real incidents of his ramble, according to the usual custom of travellers; and it is not, therefore, improbable that he may have dipped into the Greek Anthology, or at least into the translations from them, where precisely the same occurrence, real or imaginary, appears translated in the following lines, from Leonidas of Alexandria, page 52, No. 2.

On an Infant playing on the Edge of a Precipice.

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,
When but an instant's space had been too late,
And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath—
The mother saw! she laid her bosom bare,
Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share,
And that which nourished life now sav'd from death.

The similarity and concurrence of these stories is remarkable, though both may have really happened; for, after all, there is no denying that "what has happened once may happen again;" and this argument, which, however, assumes the premises

* In the Isle of Wight.

to be true and admitted, your readers will perhaps think convincing and sufficient to remove the scepticism of your's, &c. EPSILON BETA.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

NEW ANNOTATIONS ON SHAKSPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

ALL those who love and admire Shakspeare will have seen with terror the dreadful threat held out in the newspapers of *fifteen hundred new annotations* upon his works.* Have not Hanmer, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, Stevens, Farmer, Tyrwhit, Upton, and an hundred more, succeeded in making him sufficiently obscure? Is not the text of Shakspeare yet sufficiently overwhelmed with notes, when for one page of the original we have at least ten of commentary; so that six-and-thirty plays have been swelled into one-and-twenty large octavo volumes? To such an extent are these criticisms carried that any person who wishes to enjoy Shakspeare should never think of reading one of them. Our great dramatist is like a venerable Gothic structure, under whose shelter so many have built their little pent-houses that the dignity and richness of the ancient fabric are almost smothered by the excrescences: the walls are nearly covered by these vulgar sheds, and the holy niches, where once stood the figures of sainted beauties, have been filled by deformities of the clumsy workmanship of these unhallowed intruders. Shall we then permit the yet remaining glimpses of the original to be covered, or shall we not rather sweep down all these impudent eye-sores, and restore, as far as possible, the sacred fabric to its early excellence? It has been well and strongly said by a living poet and critic, that if all the annotations upon Shakspeare were burnt, and the text alone retained, the world would be an equal gainer by what was destroyed and by what was preserved.

I have never seen any of these fifteen hundred new annotations, and I hope I never shall see them; but, in order to give your readers an idea how far human absurdity will go, I will transcribe two MS. notes in a copy of Shakspeare that came into my possession, and which was advertised by the auctioneer as "peculiarly valuable on account of the remarks in the hand-writing of a celebrated critic." The first passage upon which this notable commentary is made is in the first act of Hamlet. The queen is blaming Hamlet for mourning so long the death of his father—

Thou know'st 'tis common: all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet. Aye, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why *seems* it so particular with thee?
Hamlet. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not *seems*.

Upon which the valuable MS. note of this "*celebrated critic*" is as follows:—

"Shakspeare was a notorious punster; all his plays shew it, and they are often most absurdly introduced. I am not at all clear that he did not mean to make *a pun* in this case, and to put it into the mouth of the hero, Hamlet. It is known that the actor who played this part in the time of Shakspeare was named Taylor; the author wrote it for him, and his name, Taylor, was doubtless a source of many jokes among the wits of that day. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that our author had some allusion to him and the trade that his name implied he belonged to, when he makes Hamlet (*i. e.* Taylor) indignantly reply to the queen, 'Seams, madam! nay, it

* I think the name of the gentleman who stated himself to be the author of them was Anthony Becket: he called his book "Shakspeare himself again!"

is; I know not *seams*.' I am the more strengthened in this opinion by what is certainly a personal allusion to Taylor afterwards, who is stated by contemporaries to have been a fat man: to this circumstance Shakspeare refers when he makes Hamlet soon afterwards exclaim, 'O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' &c."

This is a very exquisite piece of absurdity, but what follows is *still better* by being *still worse*. The text on which the note is made is the following—

Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

"I cannot account for the difficulties some persons have had in understanding this passage: it seems to me quite clear. The queen has been reproving her son for wearing mourning for his father. 'Good Hamlet,' says she, 'cast thy nighted colour off.' At last, she brings him to reason, or fancies she induces him to comply; and, when she afterwards asks him to stay at the court of Denmark, ceasing to wear black, it appears to me quite natural that Hamlet should answer 'I shall *in all my best* obey you, madam:' meaning that he would remain at court, and, according to the queen's wishes, would wear *his best court suit*."

Such notes as these are the only commentaries I can read; and, if the fifteen hundred advertised be like them, I can only lament that they are not *fifteen thousand*.

Your's, J. S——.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

GRETNA GREEN.

SOME of our readers, no doubt, have been upon the look-out for the promised continuation of our article upon Gretna Green, contained in our Magazine for June last. Since that period no less than three marriages, performed at that celebrated scene of hymeneal triumph, have been made public: the names of the parties, and some other particulars, were given in our last number. We now lay before our readers the copy of a letter from a gentleman at present on a tour in Scotland, on the same subject, containing a satisfactory account of the place and its ceremonies by an eye-witness, with other curious particulars hitherto not made public. We have been promised an article by a gentleman who was married at Gretna Green some years ago, but it has not yet come to hand.—ED.

"I promised to give you an account of Gretna Green, and I now take up my pen to perform my engagement.

"T— and I arrived at Gretna Green the day before yesterday, in a post-chaise and humble pair; but it did not prevent some of the inhabitants from coming out to meet us, expecting that we were a party upon a matrimonial expedition. Though they saw we were both dressed like the male sex, they followed to the inn, perhaps thinking that T— (who has a fair complexion, and as yet has only the promise of a beard, the down being given as a security,) was my intended bride, who for greater convenience had disguised herself. As we passed through the straggling village, the women, hearing the rattling of the wheels, put their heads out of their low door-ways, and waited our approach, that they might see who and what we were. This constant excitement and gratification of curiosity must make Gretna Green a very pleasant residence for the female part of the population.

The inn where we put up was called Gretna Hall, and formerly had been the residence of a private family; but for the last twenty years it has been converted into the principal inn by Lord Hopetoun, to whom it belongs, as well, I believe, as most of the property in this neighbourhood. Sir W. Maxwell, of

Springkell, however, owns a considerable estate, and has a pretty seat, not far from Gretna. I am told that, under the orders of Lord Hopetoun, great improvements have been made of late years: it must have been bad indeed before, for even now the village appears one of the most poverty-struck places I ever saw, most of the houses being wretchedly built, and many of them falling to decay. There are other signs of poverty, such as the number of small pot-houses: I counted several of the lowest description myself as we passed along; and the inhabitants of the parish, which is large, I believe, do not much exceed 1500 men, women, and children. It is said, in an account of the place written by the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, that there are only twelve female domestic servants in the whole parish, and the income of the most of the independent farmers does not exceed 50*l.* a-year: these and fishermen are the chief inhabitants. When the season for fishing is gone by, these persons are not idle; for it is said that smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent, and the openness of the coasts along Solway Firth much favours such adventurers. There is a sort of free-school at Gretna, the master of which receives less than 20*l.* a-year, and is employed in his magisterial duties from morning till night, so that it cannot be said that he is overpaid.

Gretna Green, it is said, takes its name from a hill called Great Know, or Knowl, just behind the place, which rises more than two hundred feet above the level of the sea; not far distant from which are the remains of a Druidical temple. It is not easy to ascertain its exact shape, but it seems to have been oval: some of the stones forming it are very large, one weighing, as is ascertained from the measurement, more than twenty ton. We did not go to see them, but in different parts of this district are several old ruinous square towers or forts: if they be square, I suppose they were built by the Romans, as the Danes were chiefly on the other side of the island, and usually built their entrenchments of a circular form; at least, those I have seen in Devon and Cornwall, where they are numerous, particularly near the coast, are of that shape.

The church, which is rather a pretty one, though small, was newly built in 1788, and the parsonage repaired at the same time. It would look much better were there a few trees near it, but the great scantiness of them all over the parish gives a barrenness to the scene that is very unpromising. Close to Gretna Hall there is a plantation of firs, seen from a considerable distance; and here and there small clumps of young trees have been placed, that will improve the appearance of the place very much in a few years. In the church-yard is a tomb-stone erected to two brothers who lived to the great ages of 110 and 111: indeed, if we may believe what is said, the place is famous for the longevity of its inhabitants. In 1791, a woman died aged more than an hundred; and I am told that other persons are now to be found in the parish who have passed a century. The inhabitants of the village of Gretna being notoriously addicted to spirits, this fact seems to support Sir John Sinclair's assertions in his somniferous book on longevity.

"I have detained you so long in describing the place, about which people have hitherto said so little, that I fear you will despair of hearing any thing regarding that most interesting topic always coupled with the name of Gretna Green. Here I am afraid I shall disappoint you, as I was able to gather but little upon the subject, and that rather of a vague nature. Several persons have been pointed out to me as the *soi-*

disant clergymen employed in marrying run-away lovers: two blacksmiths, a fisherman, and a man who professes no other trade than that of matrimony; they are all in various degrees of practice, but the latter is most frequently employed by persons of consequence: he never performs the ceremony under ten guineas, though some of his rivals do not refuse a much smaller fee. There are a great many matches made here that are never heard of by any persons but the immediate relations of the parties; but it is in vain to make any calculation of their numbers. In the summer the *mock parsons* are in fullest practice; and, unfortunately, a day or two before we arrived two love-sick pairs had been united. It is complained, I understand, that business in this line has been very slack of late years. There are several forms of certificates of marriage in use among these *reverend gentlemen*, copies of two of which I obtained at the expence of a three-shilling piece: I subjoin them in their original orthography, for the satisfaction of your feminine curiosity.

"CERTIFICATE.—No. 1.

"I, Alex. M'———, hereby do sertfy, that John S——, of the parish of Upper Lee, in the county of Bedford, and Frances W——, of the parish of St. John, in the city of London, having declared themselves to be single persons, and of full power and liberty to chuse for themselfes whether they would enter into the state of matrimony, did come before me, and were marryed acording to the form of the kirk, as providid by law. Witness my hand, this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen.

"ALEX. M'———.

"CERTIFICATE.—No. 2.

"This is to certify all persons that may be concarned therein, that Thos. D——, from the parish of ——, in the county of ——, and Mary N——, of the parish of ——, in the county of ——, comes before me to be marryed, and were marryed accordingly by the form of the kirk of Scotland and agreable to the church of England; the said Thos. D—— and Mary N—— haveing duly declared themselves to be single, and of full power and liberty to marry, as by law required. Given under my hand, on the 5th June, 1815. JAMES B——.

"This is all I have been able to collect about the place, the persons, or the ceremonies; and, considering I was at Gretna Green only a day, I think you will have no right to complain of a want of industry.

"Your's, very sincerely."

For the British Lady's Magazine.

PROGRESSIVE VALUE OF GOLD.

IN the present day, when the value of the precious metals, particularly of gold, has been so much increased, and has occasioned so much discussion, I think the following calculations, made upon the most correct historical data, will not be found useless. It also gives a view of the progress of the coinage of Great Britain, from the earliest periods in which any accurate records can be procured.

It is perhaps not known that the term pound sterling was first introduced by William the Conqueror, in the seventh year of his reign: that which we now know only by its flimsy though convenient representative, a Bank of England note, was at first actually a pound weight of silver.

The first gold coins were introduced into circulation by King Edward III. in the year 1345. A pound of gold was then coined into twenty florins, which it was enacted should pass for 13s. 4d. each: consequently at that period the value of a pound of gold was 13s. 4d. multiplied by 20, or 13l. 3s. 4d.

In the year 1395, in the reign of Richard II. a new species of money was issued, called nobles, of the value of 6s. 8d. or half a florin. The pound of gold, however, was divided into 45 nobles; so that the value had increased 1l. 16s. 8d. and was now made worth exactly 15l.

Twenty-seven years afterwards the pound of gold was made to yield 50 nobles of the value of 6s. 8d. giving an increase of value of 1l. 13s. 4d. and making the pound of gold worth 16l. 13s. 4d.

In the next year we hear, for the first time, of reals or royals, named after the Spanish money, which were current for 10s. each, and of which 45 were coined out of the pound of gold, which of course was raised to the value of 22l. 10s.

Sovereigns (a name also derived from Spain, as was natural, that country being one chief source of the money of Europe) were brought into circulation in the second year of Henry VIII. 1510, under the treasurer Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey. They passed for 22s. each, and 24 of them were coined out of the pound weight of gold, which was therefore then worth 27l.

A new coinage of sovereigns took place forty years afterwards, in 1550, three years before the death of Edward VI. The pound of gold was then divided into 34 sovereigns, of the value of 20s. each, increasing the value of the pound of gold to 34l.

In 1553 they were again reduced to 24 in the pound, and the value of each was increased to 30s. by which the pound of gold was made worth 36l.

In the year 1683, five years before the Revolution, guineas were first coined and circulated. They passed then only for 20s. each, and 44½ were made out of the pound of gold, which was consequently worth 44l. 10s.

The last division was in the year 1717, nearly a century ago, when guineas were increased in value to 21s. but the number made out of the pound of gold continued the same: the augmentation of gold was therefore 2l. 4s. 6d. and it was made worth 46l. 14s. 6d. the pound weight.

I doubt whether this *weighty* article about this *weighty* metal will suit your purpose; but, if it should, it is quite at your service and that of your readers. P. ***.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

I THINK some of your readers will agree with me that the works of the late Mrs. Macaulay have scarcely met with the attention they deserve: though her principles are in some respects objectionable, few have exceeded her in vigour and comprehension of mind. I have made many unsuccessful attempts to procure her "Letters on Education," which I suppose to be out of print: if any of your readers can inform me where to purchase or borrow it, I shall consider myself particularly obliged.

I confess I have often felt regret and indignation at the neglect which female genius, in particular, seems to experience: many whose talents were an ornament to their sex are now almost forgotten. The works of Mrs. Cockburn have never been surpassed in depth and accuracy of reflection. She was the wife of a clergyman of small fortune, occupied for more than twenty years in the care of a large family; and yet, observes her biographer, when she resumed her studies, her mind instantly recovered its entire powers, and, in the hours of relaxation from domestic employments, pursued to their utmost limits some of the deepest enquiries of which the human mind is capable.

I have not leisure, and probably your readers would not have patience, were I to enumerate half the instances that occur to me of neglected genius, of numbers deserving remembrance, and unjustly forgotten. At a future period, if some abler correspondent does not anticipate the task, I will endeavour to pursue the subject, and trace to their source some of the opinions entertained by the other sex on the moral and intellectual character of woman. I am, &c. ANNA.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN answer to a query in last month's Magazine, by a fair INCONNUE, as to the origin of *sending a person to Coventry* (that is, excluding him from the pale of society), I can only give a conjecture; which is this, and which I submit, suspecting that the lady will hardly receive a positive solution. It was, I believe, originally, and still is chiefly, a military punishment—not, indeed, so severe to the body as the torturous infliction of the cat-o'-nine-tails to the private soldier, but no less painful to the minds of officers, who are thus totally excluded the society of their fellows, none of whom dare know or speak to the person so stigmatised. Now, I presume that Coventry having, at some period, been found by the officers of a regiment to be a most unsociable place, where they could not get a soul to converse with, they could not discover a more appropriate punishment for ungentlemanly or unofficer-like conduct in a brother than sending him to Coventry. But, as we are told that Mahomet, not being able to make the mountain come to him, went to the mountain, so here the officers, not having the power of sending the offender actually to Coventry, they make Coventry come to him, and render the metropolis even as unsocial as Coventry itself.

J. BANNANTINE.

July 7th, 1815.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

PUNISHMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS AND COSSACKS.

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS surprised to see it stated, by several intelligent men in the House of Commons, that corporal punishment was unknown in the Russian army, and that, of all the troops of the allies in the field against France, the British soldier alone was flogged. Although I am decidedly averse to corporal punishment in the army, yet this assertion is so glaringly false that I cannot help giving it one or two contradictions that have come within my own knowledge, which are not uninteresting in their circumstances, and shew a degree of cruelty on the part of the Russian officers towards their men that perhaps was seldom exceeded.

I was in Holland at the time it was taken possession of by the allies, on the withdrawing of the French forces. The Prussians were the first to enter the towns, and they were followed by a body of Russians, composed partly of regular troops and partly of Cossacks. After so hard a service, on entering a fruitful country, it was not easy to keep the soldiers in any state of discipline, more especially the Cossacks, who committed most heinous outrages and depredations. I was myself once robbed in the open day by them, and should undoubtedly, like many others, have been severely treated had I not happened to have some gold about me. It was not uncommon to meet a body of ten or twenty Cossacks, to whom the system of robbery was principally confined, scouring the roads, particularly near Rotterdam; and they did not content themselves merely with plundering the male sex. At length, the most serious and urgent representations were made to the commanders, and two or three Cossacks were shot, and others were most cruelly flogged. One Cossack was shot at Dortrecht while I was there; but my nerves were not sufficiently strong to allow me to witness the spectacle, which was public, the criminal being placed with his back against a high and thick wall, near the cathedral in the centre of the town, and there fired upon in the presence also of his companions. It is singular that an officer holding a

rank equivalent to that of a captain was the executioner.

This sight could not, however, have equalled the punishment of a Russian soldier, whom I saw flogged at Leyden: to have shot him would have been comparatively merciful. His crime, however, had no connection with the inhabitants of the town, for, having become intoxicated, he had been insolent to his superior, a serjeant in the army. The poor wretch was brought out with his hands and feet firmly tied with thongs of leather, and laid upon his stomach across a block of wood high enough to allow his feet to reach the ground, where they were fastened through a ring; his hands and head were also immoveably fixed on the other side, so that his bare back was fully presented to the stroke. The executioner, a strong athletic man, then approached the criminal, holding the knoute in his right hand, which he flourished over his head to gain the full weight and swing. This instrument appeared to be like a very pliant whip-stock, but I am told that it is very heavy, and is as pliable as whalebone without its elasticity. The first cut penetrated through the skin, and the blood rushed out along the whole line; the next was given a little higher, and the next higher still, all making deep incisions, and generally dragging away large portions of the flesh. After giving six strokes in one direction, the executioner changed hands, and gave six more in such a manner as to cross the others, and to leave the back of the unfortunate wretch a mere mass of bleeding lacerated flesh. I had heard that the effect of the knoute was to kill at the third stroke; but in this case the criminal, without aid, walked away to have his wounds dressed: perhaps the instrument used in military punishments is not of the most powerful and destructive kind. The man bore the infliction with tolerable resolution, and it was soon concluded; whereas in the English service, when each drummer gives twenty-five lashes, so as to make up sometimes three hundred in the whole, the sufferer would be exhausted by the mere lapse of time.

I will not attempt to describe minutely the punishment of two Cossacks at Rotterdam, who had been sentenced for a robbery and for an assault upon a female. I was entrapped into beholding this sight by an accident I need not relate, since, after the flogging of the Russian soldier, I never should have gone voluntarily. The subjection of these barbarians to their officers is astonishing: the two criminals, with only their hands tied behind them, were compelled to stand upright and receive about twenty lashes with a thick hard-twisted rope across the stomach, while the commander at every wince exclaimed, "Firm! firm!" directing the executioner to strike harder if any symptom of shrinking from the blow were shewn by the sufferers. They bore it with scarcely a groan, as well as the conclusion of the sentence, which was to be lashed with the utmost force about thirty or forty times across the soles of the feet. This appeared to be the most painful part of the punishment, and swelled their feet so much as to disable them from walking. These two criminals had the appearance of Chinese; for it is very singular that, in a large body of Cossacks, the gradual progress from the European to the Asiatic countenance may be distinctly traced, according to the district from which the men are procured. I am, &c.

PEREGRINE.

Lambeth, July.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

WHEN ladies shew a laudable curiosity, you will, I am sure, agree

with me that the poor souls ought to be indulged. I therefore feel happy in being able to inform your fair correspondent, who is so desirous of ascertaining at what time silk-manufactures were first introduced in this country, that, though broad silk manufactures were not known till James I.'s reign, the smaller must have existed in the time of Henry VII.; for, by an act intitled "Silk Work," it appears, that about 1504 the smaller manufactures of silk were executed in England, as it was, among other things, enacted, that "from thenceforth no person should import into England, for sale, any kind of silk wrought by itself or with any other material in any place out of the realm, in ribbands, lace, or girdles:" but none of the more important branches of the manufacture could then have existed here, or such goods would certainly have been included in the prohibition. Dr. Howel, in his "History of the World," says, that "Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign, was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silk woman, Mrs. Montague, and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more"—another proof of the existence of a silk-manufacture before James I.

Your well-wisher,

SAINT-JUIN.

Temple; July 4, 1815.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

ORIGINAL LETTERS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR MADAM, *Funchall.*

DISTANT as we are from all the gaieties of your great city, we are not without our amusements, our employments, and our religious ceremonies. This place is a city: we have our bishops, our deans, our cathedral, our inferior clergy, our festivals, and our fast-days. Churches are almost as common as streets, and ecclesiastics as merchants. The gloom of the black habit appears more generally, because we have a sort of university, the students of which wear a black uniform; and, to show penance and mortification in the highest possible style, we have a chapel in the convent of Franciscan friars, which is entirely lined (or, if you please, wainscotted) with human skulls and thigh bones. Yet even the inhabitants of these dreary mansions did not think it unbecoming them, on the festival days of the Carnival, to view our equestrian sport, which were revived in consequence of the birth of a prince, after having been suspended for several years. The only place in the venerable city of Funchall where you can walk without a pavement intolerable to a Londoner, is the Terreira da Sé, a public garden opposite the cathedral, about half as long as the old mall of Moorfields. Though, on common occasions, the horses contrive, without regarding their own hoofs, the necks of their riders, or the safety of foot passengers, to gallop over the pavement, yet on the present no place was thought equal to the purpose but the Terreira da Sé. Here was to be exhibited a grand tilt or tournament, where knights of all descriptions, masked and mounted in their own way, were to display their feats of horsemanship before their favourite Dulcineas, and to present to them the prizes they should earn from a well-fought field. On each side were erected *camerots* (booths, or rather boxes,) for the reception of all the beauty of Madeira; and, indeed, all the ladies of Madeira, whose parents or guardians ventured to show them. In the centre was fixed a rope, supported by two poles. At the middle of the rope was suspended a ring, about three inches in diameter. The masks, mounted on horseback, and armed with long wooden lances, were to gallop under this rope, and, as

they passed, to direct their lance through the ring; which hung in such a manner that, if the lance once passed through its centre, it would easily be disengaged from the rope, and fall along the lance towards the handle. Such knights as succeeded were to be rewarded by judges appointed for the purpose, according to their respective merits.

The dresses of the knights were many of them as whimsically conceived as you can imagine: some in the style of English jockies; others of light-horsemen; and some of old cavaliers, wearing swords, bags, silk coats with sleeves hanging as low as their horses' legs; some with carbuncled faces, some with a circumference like Sir John Falstaff, and some as thin as Slender. When any of them gained a prize, he was conducted by a squire appointed for the purpose to the judges. The squire was mounted on a mule not much higher than a large goat, had an old shrivelled-face, white-bearded mask, and a long black cloak; he was attended by a slave, who wore a mask with the features of a large monkey, and was mounted on an ass. The judges, three in number, had old stupid countenances, with immense wigs, spectacles bigger than their ears, and scarlet gowns whimsically adorned. The prize consisted of some trifling toy; sometimes a whistle, sometimes a piece of ribband with a painted ball hanging to it. They were all fastened to ribbands, and the judges fixed them by these on the lances of the successful knight, who instantly rode full speed to present it to some favourite beauty.

For the honour of the English nation, the first prize was won by Mr. Searles, an English merchant. He instantly presented it to two English ladies. The prize was a scaramouch, and made a most whimsical appearance dancing at the end of the lance. This entertainment was continued for near an hour and half, and concluded by earthen pans hung up instead of the ring; in some of which were contained flowers, in others birds, in others water. These the knights were to break as they passed, and to manage their pace in such a manner that none of the contents were to fall upon them. Though there was less ingenuity in this part of the *menage*, it afforded more diversion; some of the knights being covered all over with the leaves of flowers, others having their gay attire soused with water, and some escaping every danger with incredible fortitude and agility. When the last pan was broken it discovered a monk and nun in conversation: as this was unexpected by most of the company, it produced the more amusement. The governor in his night-cap, the rest of his family in full-dress, honoured this spectacle with their presence, from a lofty round tower at one corner of the battlements of his castle.

The following day, which was the last of the masquerade season, the same amusements were repeated; but the number of knights greatly increased; for, besides those who entered the lists, all the young men of fortune in the city were mounted and masked in different groups and very elegant dresses. There were Moguls and their attendants, groups of Moors, Tartars, and Arabians; and two English gentlemen most admirably masked, and supporting with great spirit the characters of Don Quixotte and his squire. All the horses, though small, are extremely handsome; many of them stallions, whose sleek coats, long manes, and tails, added very much to the gracefulness of their playful attitudes. From the warmth of the climate, and perhaps the roughness of the road, they are all taught to canter, gallop, and a sort of amble—a pace which, though very much disliked among

the true English jockies, appears to me extremely graceful and easy. All these paces leave the rider much more at his ease to display his figure and gestures than the English trot; and, accordingly, you may recollect that this last pace is never permitted at Astley's. To give you some idea of the gaiety and richness of these dresses, I shall describe two of them. The first was a Mogul: his shoe-ribbands were enriched with spangles, foils, and crystals, embroidered together; his stockings plain silk; his doublet white sattin, embroidered with large leaves of puce colour, on which were worked foils in a variety of forms; the waistcoat was plain dark sattin, the buttons and button-holes only adorned; the cloak, white sattin, enriched in every possible way, hanging from his shoulders to his heels; a turban of very fine muslin, adorned in front with different coloured precious stones, and over the whole a plume of white feathers. The Moor had a crimson silk turban, with white feathers; the rest of his dress somewhat darker than the other, and white boots turned down with red morocco. I cannot recollect the other particulars; but was told his whole dress was valued at four hundred milreas, something more than a hundred pounds stirling. All these paraded the streets in different groups, and made a very gay appearance. Many of the black horses had white nets, which added to the variety of the figures. There were some female masks, whose dresses, you may suppose, were not inferior to those of the men. But I am not certain whether they were men in women's attire.

There was one group of masks managed by the students. These are youths of different ages, from ten to twenty—the age and situation which would be very likely to make the most of a vacation, a festival, and an universal rejoicing. However, on this occasion they shewed equal ingenuity and perseverance, by which I should be lead to suppose the thought originated among themselves. They had contrived to fix about themselves a set of poles for masts; to these were attached sails and ropes. They were mounted on jack-asses, between whose ears and at different parts of their sides were fixed little wooden cannons. On the day of battle they were drawn up in two parties, one of which mounted the English, the other the French flag. A battle ensued, which for some time was furiously contested on both sides; but at length the French were obliged to strike, and the English colours were hoisted over them. When we consider the nature of the animal, as we see him in England, on whose back all this was to be manœuvred, it was accomplished in a truly surprising manner, and highly to the gratification of all present, who hate the French much more cordially than the Londoners themselves do.

Besides all this, the carnival has produced other famous exhibitions. We have had illuminations, and beggars' feasts in the open air. It would be doing injustice to compare the illuminations with those in London; yet they have the merit to produce a very pretty effect with few materials. Some gaudy, though many of them ill-finished, paintings assist them very much; and the number of elegant plants the country affords spontaneously make them never at a loss for enrichments. Among the rest, the Alexandrine laurel, the wreaths of which were thought a sufficient prize for the competitors at the celebrated Olympic games, is a never-failing assistant. It grows naturally in such a manner as to form the most elegant festoons of delicately-green leaves, of a long oval shape, and terminated with so sharp a point as to give a lightness and finish to the

appearance, which all our high-wrought freizes seem only an attempt at imitating. Your's, &c.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

ORIGIN OF MILTON'S COMUS.

MR. EDITOR,

TOM NASHE, the younger, your theatrical critic, in your last number, has made some remarks upon "Comus," in which I perfectly concur; more especially in those which tend to the vindication of Milton from the foul charge of plagiary, brought against him by the dull editors of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, published in 1750. The design of the mask of "Comus" is said, however, not to be perfectly original; and a book under the following title has been pointed out to me as the source from whence the author drew the first hint of his poem,—the foundation-stone upon which he built so noble a temple to his fame, in my opinion not less durable nor splendid than that other grand edifice of immortality, his "Paradise Lost." This book is in Latin, and is called "*Elegantiores præstantium vicorum satyræ*," or "the more elegant satires of eminent men." It was printed at Leyden, but the date I do not know. I have never seen the work, but I am positively assured that what I have stated is the fact; and, if it have fallen in the way of any of your readers, they will oblige me by communicating an extract from such part as may relate to Comus, or by informing me that I am in error in this supposition.

Your's, T. L. D.

Westminster.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

THE FURNACE OF RENOWN.

"It is the privilege of Posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons."
—*Addison. Spec. No.* 101.

AFTER dinner, yesterday, I rose to seek my snuff-box from the library shelf; my foot stumbled, and I laid hold of some large books to save myself, when the "Rasselas" of our noble classic fell to the ground. I picked up the book; and, as I smoothed the ruffled leaves, Imlac, in his enthusiasm upon poetry, caught my attention; especially the part where he is made to say, that a poet should contemn the praise of his own time, and commit his claim to posterity. I could not refrain from smiling and shaking my head: my wife enquired what amused me; I gave her the book, and, immediately closing my eyes, fell into a kind of dream.

Methought I saw before me an immense temple, with two porches before the entrance. They were of the same size; yet the ascent to one was by many and tiresome steps, the other had but two or three. Towards the last, hundreds of persons of all ages pressed for admittance; at the other door only a few toiled in—but all were laden, more or less, with offerings.

As I felt my curiosity excited, I waited with anxiety an opportunity of making enquiry; and, at length, seeing a young man of noble deportment stepping slowly forward, I ventured to ask an explanation of his business, and of the edifice before me. He paused, surveyed me with attention, and then said, "This is the Furnace of Renown: all the persons you see enter this building come with the hope of supporting a flame which has ever been considered glorious to their country and honourable to themselves."—"What!" said I, "a second temple of Vesta! is oil then consumed?"—"Sir," replied the stranger, "no such gross material is required here: every candidate for raising a glow must bring some production of his own from the fine arts. The last day in every century the fire is nearly extinguished, till some wonderous hand throws in an

offering which can revive it, and then it will blaze for many years. The furnace is now slack, and every one here assembled is ambitious of making it glow; and, although some have for many years past endeavoured to succeed and have failed, yet they still persist in coming, laden as you now observe them. I myself have been here once before this; but—" The stranger suddenly stopped, and, looking earnestly, said, " I must advance, or I shall lose my place: if you intend to visit the temple, I advise you, sir, to hasten on."—" But," replied I, " must one have a ticket? I would willingly enter if I had the permission."—" Do you happen to have any thing of your own?" enquired the stranger.—" Nothing," said I, " but a little volume of Tales."—" Well, that is sufficient, sir," said my companion; " I have but a small Poem; let us not wait longer. We have cleared half the flight of steps, and shall soon be at the last."—" Why," returned I, " should we pant up so fatiguing a way, when, as you see, hundreds go in further on without any such trouble?" The poet looked rather contemptuously upon me, smiled, and quickened his step; I blushed, I knew not for why, and, feeling ashamed to turn back, went on, and soon arrived nearly breathless at the door, where we presented our offerings. The old portress, who stood to give us checks and return our productions after a slight examination, was named Public. She said, on presenting the silver tickets, " Pass on, gentlemen, straight forward; give your passports to my eldest daughter, Fashion, and you shall be directed to the Furnace."

With some trepidation we now advanced. Great caution seemed necessary, for the passages were gloomy, and had neither window nor lamp to admit any light. At length, however, we reached the stall at the end, which was enlivened by two or three rushlights; and, as we glanced in it, we perceived a female dressed in a variety of colours, with a painted rainbow on her head, a figure of Eolus at her side, and a camelion at her foot. She was seated in a swinging chair, and played with some quicksilver, which she tossed to and from her hand to a jar. We waited till she observed us, and then she, yawning, said, " Go on, sirs; I shall give you no assistance to the Furnace: as you came in by the upper entrance, you are no worshippers of mine; proceed—make your own way." Another door opened, and we instantly found ourselves within (as we supposed) an immense rotunda, in nearly profound darkness, and in the midst of a vast number of persons, all candidates for superior honours. Many of these were pressing round the glimmering stall of Fashion, which opened on one side to the temple, and addressed to her the most extravagant compliments, whilst some flung themselves on their knees to pay their adorations, as she, by turns pleased, morose, talkative, or silent, rewarded them with a look, a smile, or a word, and, as a great mark of favour, tossed among them a handful of her quicksilver; and, as they scrambled, falling over one another in their eagerness to catch the slippery present, she laughed outright at the bruises, blows, scuffles, and abuse, which arose among them.

By the glimmer of the rushlight, I caught a look at my companion: he smiled in scorn, and, pulling me by the arm, said, " Let us not waste time with such folly, but advance, yet with care, for this edifice is so extensive, and so gloomy at present, that we may be long ere we arrive at the centre, in which the Furnace is built; but which is now, I find, very ill supplied with fuel." I followed, holding his coat for fear of losing him in the crowd, which was rude,

boisterous, and uncivil; pushing, complaining, some jostling and endeavouring to throw one another down, and even to trample the fallen to oblivion. Some of these were particularly boasting and insolent, because Fashion had lent a rushlight, which shewed them objects immediately close, and attracted many gazers and servile imitators of their antics and airs.

For several hours we groped patiently onward, and were beginning to be heartily tired, when a youth, called Taste, suddenly entered with a lamp in his hand, and, going round, quickly asked who had ascended the steps of Honest-intent, and who had passed in at the portico of the maiden Vanity, sister of Fashion: he gathered our names, and to us who had ascended the flight of Honest-intent he gave a slip of paper, which we quickly read by the lamp he held; on it was "Keep back at the Furnace, and wait for the applause of the queen of the temple." At this instant the furnace began to smoke and sent forth a few sparks, towards which the crowds instantly ran, all panting with eagerness to toss in their productions. An old man, as I was afterwards informed (for we could distinguish nothing clearly), was the first to give his name and six ponderous volumes of history to the furnace-blower, surnamed Criticism, whose voice was so severe and dreadful that we all startled as she said, "Stand off; for five minutes I shall work the huge bellows of the furnace —if no light gleam, your chance is lost for this offering." Then she tossed in the volumes with such force that their enormous weight completely extinguished the few sparks that had before glimmered, and then began furiously to blow—but all was totally dark. The five minutes expired; she called up the next votary, and, as I was told, pushed the unhappy historian down a trap-door under her foot, from which issued the passage of Neglect; across which he groped, and found himself soon on the outside of the temple. The second person advanced with a volume of poetry on different subjects. No sooner had Criticism thrown it in the furnace and applied the bellows than, to our amazement, a thousand sparks burst round, and were scattered as gunpowder—one flash, and then total darkness. The trap-door was instantly opened, and the writer descended. I shall never forget the extraordinary character of every countenance, as it appeared illumined for an instant, and agitated by hope, malice, self-sufficiency, and pride. Criticism now called up the next, which consisted of a romance in four volumes: the bellows were applied, and the very first draught of wind sent the whole work over our heads; the pages being so light that they blew away as tinder. The romance writer disappeared. Novels, tales, tracts, pamphlets, voyages, sermons, poems, narratives, fared differently; but all the writers descended to the lower passage. Some of the offerings blazed for a minute, some twinkled as a thin taper, some burst as thunder, and a few regularly flamed during ten minutes; but still darkness returned upon us as strong as ever.

At length, the foremost candidates had all been dismissed, and Criticism desired to know who remained in the temple. My companion, and a few besides who had entered by the steps, modestly replied, that they waited the pleasure of the queen; that they were in no haste to throw into the furnace, but wished to consult the will of a superior object. No sooner had they said this than a voice, sweet, commanding, powerful, uttered a few words; and immediately we perceived a curtain drawn aside, which shewed an elevated throne, round which beamed mild rays of

light. There sat under it three persons: Nature on the right, with never-fading beauty, and clothed in luxuriance, her bright ringlets flowing from her head down to the ground. On the left was brilliant-eyed Genius; Invention sat on his head, in the figure of a diamond lynx. Posterity was seated in the middle, veiled from head to foot; whilst before her stood the child Truth, as a naked infant, holding a pair of golden scales.

"Advance," said Posterity, "and be judged. Has either of you, in your productions, ever kept in mind my little son Truth, my father Genius, my mother Nature, or my voice, the voice of Posterity?—Speak, my celestial parents, do you know these candidates for honour?" Truth desired to be heard first, and said, "Four of these persons I know: I taught the moralist what to say, and I helped him that has the little book of tales in his hand, who stands behind the poet; I also gave those two historians all their facts to transcribe."—"Very well, child," said Posterity; "Nature be pleased to speak."—"I know the remaining number, more or less," said the ever-blooming matron: "the painter yonder is entirely of my tuition; the philosopher, also, near him I have inspired; the others I have aided at times: but I rather imagine Genius will give his account, since I see he smiles as I point to them." Genius now arose, and thus spoke, "It is not often, noble Posterity, that I powerfully rouse myself to assist a mortal: "half a dozen are seldom strongly favoured by me in an age. However, those six persons are now before you—the painter, the three poets, the two sons of harmony, I have inspired. I have exalted their souls to a pitch of enthusiasm, and they have poured forth their effusions with grandeur, sublimity, and irresistible eloquence; whilst Nature has equally favoured them, and Art rubbed on them his finest gloss. Those six are my pupils, I acknowledge them: yet, O Posterity! I presume not to judge further, and I am silent."

My companion blushed as he saw himself owned, and cast down his eyes. Then he was desired by Truth to put his work in the scales, and the golden weights rose upward in an instant. I trembled, and deposited my volume; the balance was, to my astonishment, nearly equal. Every production was weighed, and rose to different heights. Truth gave in his reckoning, and Posterity, rising, thus addressed the candidates:—

"You have all some merit, and I esteem you. The intention of each was to benefit or ennoble human nature by your efforts. You, that have only Truth to recommend you, are to learn that man is not satisfied with precept or fact, without some recreation and elegance. You, that boast of Nature, are to understand that mere bent of disposition to any point will avail nothing without rules to arrange luxuriance, and taste to remember the beautiful in Nature. But you, who have the grandeur of Genius, and the loveliness of Nature, and the polish of Art—you, my dear children, shall be loved, admired, and exalted above men. Now, take your places by the Furnace." Truth's disciples cast in their offerings, which instantly raised a clear flame; Nature's votaries were next—the blaze grew strong; the favoured of Genius advanced, and tossed in their productions: the curling flames ascended to the very dome of the immense temple, and the light was so intense that, had I more than eagle eyes, I could not have supported it. I was just raising my hand to shade the scorching beams, when Posterity flung over the favourites a sparkling robe of the Asbestos, and said, in a loud voice, "Be honoured in your coun-

try, and be immortal!" The walls crackled around me with the ardent heat, and, as I was ready to faint, I sunk to the earth; and, knocking my head in my agitation against the mantle-piece of my parlour, I awoke.

H. O. N.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MOLIERE'S ECOLE DES FEMMES—MADLLE. VOLNAIS.

It must be acknowledged that there has long existed a diseased taste in English audiences, which has always required that the plot of the pieces represented upon their stage should be so busy and complicated, that it is frequently not possible to understand it without some previous acquaintance. Obscurity is one of the consequences; and another is, that the dialogue is made infinitely too subservient—it is converted into a matter of second or third-rate importance, the plot being held to be all in all: and this may be the true reason why some persons of our own day, who have scarcely talent enough to put two decent sentences together, are still able to produce a comedy that shall obtain considerable applause from the town. The maxim that nothing is to be admitted into the dialogue but what essentially conduces to the development or advancement of the fable, is not to be construed too strictly; for, were it understood literally, we should drive all character and all poetry from our boards: grimace would in a short time supply the place of character, and pantomime of poetry; indeed, it has already made considerable encroachments within our own memory.

The French have fallen into the other extreme; that is, of making the dialogue a matter of the first importance, and employing the plot merely as a milliner does a wooden doll, for the sake of shaping and fitting her frippery: but their example shews that it by no means follows, because the plot is disregarded, that character or poetry will be necessarily more attended to. This remark, however, least of all their writers, applies to Moliere; who, if he had not the high genius of poetry, had talent, acuteness, and quickness of perception, united to felicity of expression, that, with the nation in which he lived, more than supplied the place of other deficiencies.

One of the great pillars of the temple of Shakespeare's fame is his creative power; that faculty which enabled him to draw his characters from his own intuitive knowledge of what they ought to be, without ever having had the means of studying the portraits from the life. He was not, therefore, so much a copier as an original inventor; and those who, like Pope, give him applause as only a most accurate imitator of nature, do gross injustice to his genius. If Moliere could ever have any claim to the same praise, it would be derived from the comedy now the subject of our remarks; for assuredly the part of Agnes is the purest invention, in the nation to which she is represented as belonging, that can well be imagined. Moliere is an author much talked of in this country, but comparatively little read; and "L'Ecole des Femmes" is perhaps one of his plays less known than many that are far inferior to it, for it is seldom made the subject of conversation. The main plot of it is similar to our popular English comedy of "the Country Girl," the celebrated performance of Mrs. Jordan; and such of our readers as are at all acquainted with France and with Frenchwomen will be immediately aware why we have said, that in drawing the character of Agnes, which is the same as Peggy, Moliere has laid his strongest claim to the invention of a poet.

It is the dissolute reign of Louis XIV. which the French call the golden age of their poetry, and they are right in fixing upon the time when men like Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, lived and were patronised; but, although it might be the golden age of French poetry, an abandoned and profligate reign will, we apprehend, seldom be found to have been the æra when true poetry flourished in its vigour. In our own history, and generally in that of other nations, a depraved reign has been the decline of the noblest species of poetry. It augurs ill, therefore, of the works in this kind which France has to boast that they were then produced, and it is to be lamented that destiny had cast their best authors upon such times. Supposing Moliere a mere copier of objects that presented themselves to his senses, it would be singular indeed if, in such a court and in such a country, he could have found an original for the best parts of his character of Agnes; a girl brought up in ignorance of the world and its vices, and intended to represent the purest simplicity and innocence of youth. It seems unjust to lay a stigma upon a whole nation, but we cannot help thinking that at any period it would have been little less than miraculous to have found a distant resemblance to such a personage in France; and, consequently, the more the possibility of imitation is lessened, the more the merit of invention is due. Thus, in the two countries there is a strange inversion: the English dramatic writer lays a claim to the praise of inventive talent when he draws an artful dissimulating woman, and the French dramatic writer when he pourtrays a female of perfect innocence and simplicity; for in both cases the authors must generally proceed without originals for their guide. The French word *naïveté* has of late years been much forced into conversation in England: our neighbours use it as denoting either a quality of rare occurrence, and almost synonimous with *ignorance* and *barbarism*, or as a thin veil for a *double-entendre*. If the term should unfortunately be engrafted upon the native stock of our language, we hope its application will be changed: at all events, it will be superfluous, for we have many words already which answer to its best signification.

But, to speak more particularly of the "School for Wives,"—Arnolphe, an old bachelor, tired of a single life, has been long anxious to marry; but, looking round among his wedded acquaintances, and observing what a tyrannical supremacy the wives have generally assumed over the husbands, he dreads placing himself in a similar melancholy predicament: he sees the ladies of Paris, in particular, indulging in all sorts of extravagances and vices; the humble spouses are compelled to remain at home to attend to the domestic duties, while their place by the side of their wives is supplied by some gay gallant;—a tolerably faithful picture of the state of society at the time Moliere wrote his comedy. Arnolphe, however, has an expedient, which he fondly imagines will secure him all the happiness of matrimony without any of its dangers. In the country he has met with a young female, whom he educates there according to his own notions of the requisites of a wife: what they are he thus declares to a friend, to whom he opens his design.

Epousser une sotte est pour n'etre point sot
Je crois, en bon Chrétien, votre moitié fort sage,
Mais une femme habile est un mauvais présage;
Et je sais qu'il coûte à de certaines gens
Pour avoir pris les leurs avec trop de talents—
Non, non, je ne veux point d'un esprit qui soit haut;
Et femme qui compose en sait plus qu'il ne faut.—

En un mot, qu'elle soit d'une ignorance extreme
Et c'est assez pour elle, à vous en bien parler,
De savour prier Dieu, m'aimer, condre et filer!

In such wishes as these Arnolphe is by no means singular in France; and we apprehend that it is this very circumstance that makes the married state there so far from happy or respectable. Sir W. Raleigh, who was by no means an adorer of the female sex, cautions his son against choosing an ignorant wife, who may be imposed upon by every flatterer, which is generally the course of things in France. The education of females in valuable knowledge is neglected; the men choose what we call in England *pudding-making* wives, who have no permanent and legitimate hold on the affections of their husbands: they are soon neglected and left to their own guidance, without any of the wisdom that education might have afforded.

Madlle. Volnais, whose name we have had occasion to mention with commendation more than once in the course of our articles on the French drama, played the part of Agnes, the country girl, in a most admirable manner; for, although Frenchwomen have, as we have said, very little native simplicity, they have a great talent in assuming it. This actress in general performs in tragedy, in parts of which cast she has hitherto been the subject of our remarks; but, from the shape of her person and countenance, as well as from the form of her mind, she is still more excellent in comedy, though it seldom happens that she performs in characters of that kind. We should suppose that she is about the age of five-and-twenty, with rather a round laughing face, and a person well corresponding with it. She has more versatility of talent than any other actress on the Parisian boards, and her acting seemed to give peculiar pleasure to the English visitors of the French capital at the time we were there. This partiality might perhaps be owing to a certain resemblance which she bore to the females of their own country. In her performance, however, there were defects, of some of which the author himself has been the occasion, from the circumstance that he had not any, or few, originals for such a part, and was consequently compelled to draw from himself: he has made its simplicity sometimes appear affected, rather than real. The great excellence of Mrs. Jordan's performance in Peggy was the perfect artlessness of her manner; whereas, Madlle. Volnais, in Agnes, gave a sort of archness and cunning to some portions of the character, not strictly in keeping: the dialogue, where more was sometimes meant than met the ear, led the actress unavoidably into this error.

The mode in which the plan of Arnolphe is defeated, or rather in which he defeats it himself, is very well managed by the author, and serves much to keep alive the plot, which would otherwise be found tedious; for one objection made to the "Ecole des Femmes" is that it consists too much of the relation of action, instead of representing the action itself upon the stage. It serves also to make the old bachelor, who is proceeding upon this ridiculous scheme of obtaining a wife, more ridiculous throughout the whole of the piece. In this respect, Moliere's play has infinitely the advantage of the "Country Girl," if our recollection of that comedy be correct. While Arnolphe has been absent from the seclusion of his intended wife, Horace, the son of a friend, passing by the house, sees Agnes at the window. One of the best parts of the play is the extreme simplicity with which Agnes relates the way in

which she first became acquainted with Horace.

J'étois sur le balcon à travailler au frais,
Lorsque je vis passer sous les arbres d'aupres
Un jeune homme bien fait, qui, rencontrant ma vue,
D'une humble révérence aussitôt me salue :
Moi, pour ne point manquer à la civilité
Je fis la révérence aussi de mon côté.
Soudain il me refait une autre révérence;
Moi, j'en refais de même une autre en diligence :
Et lui d'une troisième aussitôt repartant
D'une troisième aussi j'y repars à l'instant.
Il passe, vient, repasse, et toujours, de plus belle
Me fait à chaque fois révérence nouvelle;
Et moi, qui tous ses tours fixement regardois
Nouvelle révérence aussi je lui rendois.
Tant que, si sur ce point la nuit ne fût venue
Toujours comme cela je me serois tenue
Ne voulant point céder, ni recevoir l'ennui
Qu'il me peut estimer moins civile que lui.

Just before this relation is given, Horace had himself met with Arnolphe (who passed in the country under the assumed name of La Souche), and not knowing that he had any designs upon Agnes, for the old bachelor cunningly conceals them, had told him of the encouragement he had received from the young lady at the house of one La Souche; and Agnes afterwards adds the particulars of the first loving interview, in her simplicity not dreaming that Arnolphe could have any objection to it. The danger from which he had escaped makes Arnolphe extremely anxious to hasten his marriage, and to put Agnes out of the reach of Horace. In the mean time he gives Agnes a lecture on the duties of matrimony, telling her that all the tenderness Horace had shewn for her might be very proper after she was a wife. She misunderstands him, and is extremely anxious, in consequence, to be married immediately; for, in her childish unacquaintance of the transactions of life, she imagines that, after her union with Arnolphe, she may be allowed with propriety to receive all the attentions of Horace, for whom she feels a most lively and girlish affection. The dialogue, however, exhibits one of those specimens of French simplicity that are too easily misinterpreted. The terror of Arnolphe is now doubly awakened: he orders his servants to keep a strict watch over her, and commands her, when Horace returns, as he had promised, to shut the door in his face:

Et lui jetant, s'il heurte, un grès par la fenêtre
L'obligez, tout de bon, à ne plus y paroître.

Arnolphe, however, again defeats his own scheme; for Horace, still ignorant of the intentions of the old bachelor upon his *protegée*, with all the openness imaginable, comes to inform him of the treatment he had received, complaining that the servants had shut the door *au nez*, and that Agnes had thrown a stone at him, which however was enveloped in a billet that gave him the greatest encouragement. Horace, in concert with Arnolphe, then settles a plan for ascending by a ladder to the lady's chamber; and Arnolphe, thus informed of it, does not fail, on his part, to take measures to frustrate the enterprise: he furnishes his servants with bludgeons to knock Horace from the ladder; and they succeed in putting the plan into execution, though his hat luckily protects Horace from injury. As this transaction takes place in the dark, and as they hear the young man fall with a heavy weight, the servants imagine that they have killed him, and run away to their master in great alarm: in the mean time Horace and Agnes take advantage of the absence of their enemies, and escape.

The fifth act is the most bustling

and entertaining of the whole: it is most full of incidents, and those well contrived. Horace, having obtained possession of Agnes, does not know where to place her in security, as he apprehends that his wealthy father will do all in his power to prevent his marriage. He is not, however, long at a loss; for to whom could he more safely confide her than to his friend Arnolphe, to whom he had disclosed the whole progress of his armour: in his hands he therefore places her; and Arnolphe, having again obtained possession of Agnes, gives her a long lecture upon ingratitude; in opposition to which she argues so well in favour of her love for Horace, that the old bachelor is compelled at last to acknowledge "*une sotte en sais plus que le plus habile homme.*" While these transactions take place, the father of Horace and two or three friends arrive for the purpose of marrying his son to a rich heiress, who had been privately educated in the country, and whose uncle had recently returned from the Indies. Arnolphe is rejoiced at the intelligence, and secretly presses on the marriage that he may get the gallant out of his way, although he had promised Horace that he would do all in his power to break off or postpone it. The father of Horace being firmly resolved, and Arnolphe, thinking that all danger was past, ventures now to produce his intended wife, Agnes; who, to the surprise of all parties, and to the dismay of the old bachelor, turns out to be the very heiress to whom all the parties, even Arnolphe himself, had been concurring to marry Horace. The result may be guessed: Arnolphe rushes off the stage in an agony of rage and diappointment, followed by the laughter of Horace, Agnes, and the rest of the characters; one of whom greets his exit with the following exclamation:—

If you wish to be never deceived by a wife,
You had better not marry the whole of your life!

Certainly the implication contained in these lines, which are still more offensive in the original, is not very flattering to the females of France, and, were it true, they might well need the lessons of a school: how this comedy affords these lessons may be another question; and we should have thought that it would have been much more aptly named *l'Ecole des Vieux Garçons*, who are instructed, much at the expence of the fair sex of France, never in that country to remove from themselves the stigma of *old bachelorship*, since even iguorance and simplicity cannot protect them there from imposition. It may also afford a lesson to bachelors all over the world, that the only way to secure a good, affectionate, and faithful wife, is to choose one whose understanding and education enable her duly to respect herself, to value her husband, and to reverence the obligation that binds her to his fortunes. A. Z.

In our next article we shall probably speak of the Critique upon "L'Ecole des Femmes," as written by Moliere himself, which was the first production of the kind.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF Westminster Abbey.

NOTE.—Having been favoured with the following communication relative to the newly-discovered antiquities at Westminster Abbey, we postpone No. VII. of our formal Illustrations until next month.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED ANTIQUITIES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MR. EDITOR,

WITH reference to the series of entertaining and useful articles in your Magazine, under the title of "Il-

lustrations of Westminster Abbey," I have thought that a short communication upon the subject of the newly-discovered and much-talked-of antiquities in the immediate vicinity of that church would not be unacceptable.

It is, I believe, an undisputed fact that the present structure, called Westminster Abbey, was founded by that pious prince, Henry III., to whom so many of our religious establishments are indebted for their origin. The king himself laid the first stone of the building, but it was not completed during his life. A small part of what was then erected was subsequently pulled down by Henry VII. before he raised that most beautiful specimen of the gorgeous architecture of his time, the chapel called by his name; the monuments in which you have noticed.

Before Henry III. began his work, he thought fit to pull down the old abbey church that had previously existed, and dedicated, like the present, to St. Peter, although it might not interfere materially with the site of his new project, which was intended to be raised a little more to the north. This old abbey church was the work of Edward the Confessor; who, in his turn, had destroyed a fabric that had been raised by one of his predecessors. The question to whom the monastery owed its earliest foundation has been a matter of curious research among the learned. John Flete, who lived in the fifteenth century, wrote a history of the place in 1443; in which he carried the foundation as far back as A. D. 184, declaring that it was built by a British king, Lucius, and that, on the persecution of Diocleslan, it was converted into a heathen temple, dedicated to Apollo. Another opinion, formed upon the authority of the earliest writer upon the subject, Sulcardus, who lived in the reign of William I., is, that it was originally built in the time of King Sebert, between the years 604 and 610; but the Rev. Mr. Widmore, the author of a book expressly on the point, fixes the period of its first foundation tolerably satisfactorily in the time of Bede, the historian, who died A. D. 740. This most ancient establishment was burnt and destroyed by the Danes in an incursion, and restored by Dunstan, in the reign of Edgar, A. D. 960. In the reign of the Confessor, however, the first splendid establishment took place; who, instead of putting into execution his pilgrimage to Rome, performed by several of his Saxon predecessors, devoted the sums that would have been so expended to the restoration and construction of religious establishments. In this state it remained until the time of Henry III. as I have already observed.

I have said thus much of the origin of Westminster Abbey, not very generally known, in order to illustrate what I have to remark regarding a wall and columns recently dug out in Dean's-yard, near the present church, and which called to the spot so many persons curious in antiquities. It was at first supposed, by those who had not viewed the discovery, that it would throw light upon the dark question of the first foundation of the monastery. Many difficult antiquarian points of great importance have been illustrated by more trivial circumstances.

It was clear, however, to any person at all acquainted with the subject, on the first inspection, that the remains had not belonged to any building of as early a date as the time of the Confessor, who began to reign in 1043, when what is called the Saxon architecture was employed: its chief and undeviating characteristic was the round arch, in which it resembled the style that immediately followed on the invasion of the Normans; the only difference being that of size, though Grose maintains that not even that distinc-

tion prevailed. Now, the discovery recently made, particularly the columns and the commencement of the arches which rose from the top of them, shew, beyond contradiction, that the arch, when complete, could not have been round but must have been pointed. This arch stretched from column to column, a distance of about sixteen or eighteen feet, and if the line formed by the segment of the circle still left were followed round in the same direction, it would carry the spring on the other side much beyond the column which doubtless originally received it. It was, therefore, obviously a pointed arch, whose height is greater and whose span is less, which was not introduced into our buildings until the reign of Henry III. after which time it was much in fashion. Some fine specimens of the Saxon or Norman arch are to be found in the oldest parts of the cathedrals at Canterbury and Oxford.

It appears, from the fragments that yet remain undisturbed, that between each column there has been a narrow window furnished with bars, and in all probability these windows were of the lofty lancet kind, employed at the time when pointed arches were adopted; which further tends to shew that, whatever this building may formerly have been, it could not have been erected earlier than about the thirteenth century. Upon the point that seems to me to decide this question, there is, however, a variance between the learned; Warton maintaining that in the reign of Henry III. the round Saxon arch was still in use; while the Rev. Mr. Bentham insists "that in Henry the Third's reign the circular arch and massive column seem wholly to have been laid aside."* The two opinions, however, may in some degree be reconciled, since Warton argues from the impression of the seal of Henry, on which circular Saxon arches were engraved; but it was in all probability cut in the commencement of his reign, when circular arches were not yet exploded: before the end of it, a period of fifty-five years, the pointed arches might have been generally introduced. It is pretty certain, from the concurrence of all authorities, that Mr. Bentham's position is the true one; and Warton himself professes to know little upon the subject.

The discovery that has given rise to these remarks was made in levelling the high ground in Dean's-yard, for the purpose of making a square. The workmen were interrupted by a stone wall, which it was found very difficult to perforate, and, upon excavating further down the capitals of no less than five columns, were dug out. One of these was followed to its base as a specimen of the rest, and it was found to be the half of an octagon pillar, fixed against a wall of three or four feet in thickness. The octagon is undoubtedly one indication of Saxon architecture; but the use of it was continued long after the circular had given place to the pointed arch. The whole extent of wall here found was about eighty or ninety feet, running from north to south, as if it had originally joined the old dormitory, which has long been pulled down. The probability seems to me to be that it belonged to a range of cloisters; and, if further and deeper excavations were made, probably the fact could be ascertained.

There is one singularity belonging to the columns; and that is, that they have no capitals, properly so called, the arches springing from the head like the branches of a tree without any introduction. The pedestal consists merely of a small projection. I shall be obliged to any correspondent who can throw further light upon this curious subject.

Westminster; July 7, 1815. C. P. I.

* Essay upon Saxon churches.

FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Trivial fond Records!—SHAKSPEARE.

ARIEL AND ST. ELMO.

HOW slight a hint will suffice for genius! Capell, in his notes on Shakspeare, is of opinion that an idea of Ariel, or at least of his performances, was caught by our great bard from the third volume of Hackluyt's Voyages, p. 450. Compare the following passages:

"*Ariel.* I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and boltsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, were momentary,
And sight out-running were not."

Now for the voyage-writer—

"I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of maine yarde, and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like unto the lighte of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo*, and said it was *St. Elmo*, whom they take to bee the advocate of sailers. This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from maste to maste, and from toppe to toppe, and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once."

We can account philosophically for these appearances at present; and all hail to the beneficent progress of science! although it undoubtedly clips the wings of imagination, and, in the destruction of the unaccountable, gradually circumscribes the most beautiful and inventive province of poesy.

DECORUM AT CHURCH.

The following anecdote is related in the life of Bishop Newton, upon the authority of Sir Thomas Clarke, master of the rolls: it is highly honourable to the primitive simplicity and honesty of the eccentric subject of it.

"Whiston was a pensioner to Queen Caroline, who sometimes admitted him to the honour of her conversation, and paid the pension with her own hands. One day she said to him, 'Mr. Whiston, I understand you are a free speaker, and honestly tell people of their faults; no one is without faults, and I wish you would tell me of mine:' and she pressed him to do so. He was still upon the reserve, and she pressed him the more: 'Well,' said he, 'since your Majesty insists upon it, I must obey you. There are abundance of people who come out of the country every spring to London, and they all naturally desire to see the king and queen, and have not any opportunity of seeing your Majesties so conveniently as at the Chapel Royal; but these country folks, who are not used to such things, when they see your Majesty talking with the king almost all the time of divine service are perfectly astonished, and depart with strange impressions into their respective countries, and make their reports there (let me tell you) not at all to your Majesty's honour.' 'I am sorry for it,' answered the queen; 'I believe there may be too much truth in what you say: but, pray, Mr. Whiston, tell me of another fault.' 'No, madam,' said he, 'one at a time: let me see you mend of this before I tell you of another.'

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Prejudices may be so unaccountably fostered among certain classes of mankind, as not only to set reason at defiance, but absolutely to confound all the laws of perception and association. Of this description has been the pride of ancestry in Spain, as the following curious fact, related by a traveller of the 17th century, will forcibly evince.—The writer (a lady) describes a theatrical representation, herself being one of the au-

dience, the subject of which was the application of *our Saviour* to become a knight of St. Iago!!! This honour was unattainable without proofs of nobility for several generations; and the pursuits of Joseph and Mary, the earthly parents of our Lord, rendered his production of the required documents impossible. In this dilemma the chapter, after solemn deliberation, acquaints the candidate of the *impossibility* of his becoming a knight of St. Iago, but respectfully adds that an order *de Christo* should be immediately formed in his honour; an arrangement which gives satisfaction to all parties, and the piece concludes. At the very time this incomprehensible and irreverend stupidity and inconsistency was permitted, the Holy Inquisition was executing and imprisoning Jews and heretics by scores.

NORTH TO SOUTH.

We have often been provoked to smile at the sneers of Englishman on the emigrations from Scotland to the south, whilst we doubted their liberality. The resort of Scots to London, however, on the accession of James I. (if the following proclamation of his privy council in Edinburgh is to be believed) was quite ludicrous enough to lay the foundation of a national joke that would last for centuries.

" *Proclamatioun anent the repairing of Persons to Courte; apud Edinburgh, decimo May* 1611.

" Forasmekle as the frequent and dailie resoirt of grite nomberis of idill persones, men and women, of base soirt and conditoun, and without ony certane trade, calling, or dependance, going from hense to courte, be sey and land, is not onlie very vnplesant and offensive to the kinges maiestie, in so far as he is daylie importuned with thair suitis and begging, and his royall courte almost filled with thame, thay being in the opinioune and consait of all beholderis, bot ydill rascallis, and poore miserable bodyis, bot with that this cuntrey is heavelie disgraceit, and mony sclanderous imputations gevin out agains the same, as iff thair wer no personis of good ranke, comlynes, nor credit within the seme: and the kingis maiestie and lordes of secreit counsaill considering, how far suche imputationis may tuitche this cuntrey, and what *impressioun it will mak in the hairtis of the commoun multitude of the nighbour cuntrey;* where as thay see his maiestie importuned and fascheit, and his royall courte filled with such nomberis of idill suitaris and uncomelie people; and the saidis lordis thairfoir, being cairfull to prevent all forder occasioun of reproitch or sclander of the cuntrey by staying so far as possible may be, all forder resoirt of ydill people to courte: Thairfoir ordanis lettres to be direct, chargeing officiares of armes to pass to the mercatt-croces of the heidborrowis and sey-poirtis of this kingdome, and thair, be oppen proclamatioun, to command and charge, and inhibite the maisteris, awnaris, skipparis, and marinaires, of whatsomeuir schippis and veschellis, that nane of thame presume, nor tak vpon hand, to transporte or cary in their schippis any passingeuris from hence to England, quhill first they gif up to the saidis lordis the names of the passingearis; and latt the lordis vndirstand and know what lauchfull errand thay haif, and procure licence for thair transporting, undir the pane of confiscatioun of the schippis and veschellis, and of all the mouable goodis pertening to the saidis skipparis, maisteris, and marinairs, to his maiesties vse."

In another proclamation the council state, that one of the pretexts under which these unseemly Scottish supplicants resorted to court was to demand payment of old debts due to them by James, which they gravely say " is of all kind of importunity the *maist unpleasing to his maiesty.*"

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MARY BEALE.

IT is not, and ought not to be, so much the object of our series of memoirs to lay before our readers uninteresting details of females whose characters and conduct are well known to the general mass of society, as to draw from comparative obscurity the lives of individuals with whose excellencies, and sometimes even names, many persons generally well informed are yet to be made acquainted, and whose virtues and talents, from neglect and concealment, yet remain to be held forth as an example worthy of imitation. To artists, and to those who have studied the science of painting in particular, the name of Mary Beale must be familiar; but, beyond that very limited class of individuals, we apprehend there are few who ever heard of this distinguished ornament of her profession and of her sex. She was a painter of very considerable eminence, in the department of portraits; and we the more willingly select her as the subject of the present article, in order to prove that, as in poetry so in painting, there has not been wanting, in our own nation, at least one example of great excellence attained by a female; and we hope that it will in some degree operate as an encouragement to those numerous ladies who, in our day, have applied, and are applying, themselves to this branch of the elegant and liberal sciences. Regarding the subject of the present memoir not many facts are known, and those few are scattered through many books; but we have been at some pains to collect all the materials that could be procured, and to put them into some regular form: in both these respects former biographers have been extremely deficient.

Mary Beale was the daughter of a clergyman of the name of Cradock. She was born in 1632; we believe at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, where her father held a curacy; but soon after the birth of his daughter he became minister at Walton upon Thames. Who was her mother is not known; but it should seem that the father took great pains with the early education of his child, who, indeed, does not appear ever to have been sent to school. She is said to have been taught by Mr. Cradock the rudiments of Latin, a language then little in fashion among ladies, though a reign or two preceding, particularly under Queen Elizabeth, it had been much studied by the female sex.

What was her progress is not known; but she early evinced a taste and talent for drawing and painting, and is said to have been very successful, even while a child, in taking likenesses of persons round her. This propensity was encouraged by her father (her mother having died when her daughter was only a few years old), and masters, such as the town where they resided afforded, attended to give her instructions. Most probably she soon afterwards was sent to London to obtain a further proficiency, under abler hands, in an art for which she felt a strong love, and pursued with corresponding zeal. It appears that she was for some time a pupil to Robert Walker, a painter of eminence, who studied after Vandyke, and who afterwards received what was then an enormous price, five hundred guineas, for a portrait of Cromwell, from the Duke of Tuscany. Sir Peter Lely was at the same time obtaining only ten or fifteen guineas for each picture; and the sum paid to Walker was most likely intended

as a compliment to the protector, and not as a reward to the painter.

Some of the biographers of Mrs. Beale have asserted, unhesitatingly, that she received instructions from Sir P. Lely in the art of which he was so accomplished a master; but there is great reason to disbelieve the fact. The doubt was first suggested by the sceptical Lord Orford, in his "Anecdotes of Painting." It is certain that some of the pictures by Mrs. Beale bear a strong resemblance to the style of Sir Peter Lely; but, if the reader peruses the following extract made from the pocket-book of Mr. Beale, the husband, it will be seen that the resemblance may be easily otherwise accounted for.

"August 1st, 1672.—Dr. Tillotson sat to Mr. Lely for about three hours for the picture he is doing for me. His manner in painting this picture, this time especially, seems strangely different both to myself and my dearest heart (his wife, Mrs. Beale,) from the manner of painting the former pictures he did for us. This, we thought, was a more mysterious, concealed, scanty way of painting than the way he used formerly, which we both thought was more open and free; and much more was to be observed and gained from seeing him paint then, than *my heart could, with her most careful marking, learn now.*"

So that it should seem that Mrs. Beale learned to paint in the style of Sir P. Lely by watching him while he was painting pictures for her husband, some of which appear to have been ordered merely that the wife might obtain all the knowledge she could acquire as to the detail of the mode of Sir P. Lely. The anxiety of the husband as to this point might be proved by many other extracts from the pocket-books he left behind him, in which he carefully and most minutely registered all the proceedings of "his dearest heart" (for so he almost invariably calls her) in the exercise of her profession. It has been said that Sir P. Lely had been in love with Mrs. Beale, while she was Miss Cradock; but there does not appear to be any fair foundation for the supposition, or for the assertion that after her marriage he taught her for the sake of her agreeable company, often in the absence and without the knowledge of her husband. Such a circumstance, however, is not impossible, in the reign of Charles II.; and, in that age of quiet contented husbands, even if Mr. Beale had been acquainted with the fact, it is not at all inconsistent that he should still call his wife "his dearest heart."

She married Mr. Beale when she was twenty-seven years old, in 1659, about which time her father also took his degree of doctor of divinity. His was one of the portraits painted by Sir P. Lely, under the inspection of Mrs. Beale. Nothing is known regarding her husband, but that he had a place under the board of green cloth, which however does not seem to have been very lucrative. He was of the ancient family of the Beales of Woodbridge, one of whom, Robert, in 1571, held the post of secretary to Sir T. Walsingham, and died in 1601.

The events of Mrs. Beale's life after her marriage seem to have been very few. She lived in Pall Mall for many years, the utmost harmony prevailing between herself and her husband, whose chief dependence seems to have been upon the talents of his wife, who was most assiduous in her profession. She was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Bishop Burnet, who presented her with his work on the Reformation, as well as with many other distinguished members of the church, whose friendship she obtained partly by her own merits and partly through her father, who must have been highly respected,

Among them were Dr. Tillotson, Dr. Stillingfleet, Dr. Patrick, Bishop of Chester, &c. That she was much admired in her art by her contemporaries is shewn by the number of persons of consequence whom she painted;* and Sir P. Lely, who lent her his own pictures, as well as many by Vandyke, with the greatest liberality, greatly applauded her for the excellence of her copies. The drapery and landscapes of her pictures were filled in by other hands, principally by her son Bartholomew, who, though he long followed the profession, never attained much excellence. She had another son, named Charles, who was also intended for an artist, but he went into the church.

Mrs. Beale died in December 28, 1697, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, and was interred under the communion table in St. James's church. The following character is given of this lady as a painter by the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, and it is confirmed by Mr. Fuseli:—"Her colouring was clear and strong, with a great look of nature, and she worked with a good body of colours. She had applied herself to copy some pictures of the Italian masters, by which her taste and her pencil were much improved, and her portraits had a great deal of the Italian air and style."

She is also stated by Oldys to have been a poet, and is called "the masculine poet and painter, the incomparable Mrs. Beale;" but all that remains by her is the version of a few Psalms, published by Dr. Woodford. As to her claim to the title of incomparable, it is to be recollected that in the gallant reign of Charles were many *incomparables:* Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Centlivre, &c. all existing nearly at the same time. By her own portrait, Mrs. Beale appears to have had a round plump face, with quick lively eyes, but a mouth and chin rather coarse, and partaking too much of the character of the dissolute age in which she flourished.

* Pictures by Mrs. Beale of most of the following personages still exist, some of them at Windsor Castle, near King Charles's Beauties by Sir P. Lely:—Earl of Bolingbroke, Earl of Shaftesbury, Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Stafford, Countess of Derby, Earl of Halifax, Lady Dorchester, Lord Clarendon, &c.

POETRY.

Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought.—THOMSON.

SONNET,

Written with a Pencil on Ridgway Hill, near Weymouth,

BY CLIO RICKMAN.

TRUE, 'tis a Paradise on every hand,
And Nature here her richest scenes has given,
Commingled every charm of sea and land,
And bids the glowing prospect breathe of heaven.

All this I see with undelighted eye,—
I, thro' whose breast the tide of rapture ran,
Who felt each varied beauty 'neath the sky,
Exulting felt, and joyed to be a man.

Ah! now no more has Nature charms for me;
I cease t'admire her, and with tears behold

The landscape rich, the sun that, thwart the sea,
Now slanting beams and tips the hills with gold:
All that endeared this Paradise to me,
Oh! my angelic Eve! is flown with thee!

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE COQUETTE.

A FABLE.

Poor Sylvia! growing old and plain,—
Yet gay as ever, and as vain,—
Was once the toast and praise of all
The beaux, who flutter at the ball,
The playhouse, or more gay Vauxhall:
Such numbers without number came,
She hardly knew them e'en by name;
And yet to all she sign'd and sang,
While flattering echoes round her rang
Of beauty—grace—and voice divine—
"By Gad I swear, how monstrous fine!"
Till quite enraptured with her airs,
She thus the hearts of all ensnares—
That is, if beaux have any hearts:
But hold—how can we doubt their parts,
Who cut such figures in the nation,
And fill all female conversation.
Gay Sylvia thus her hours employ'd,
She all the sweets of life enjoy'd,
And (strange to say) seemed never cloy'd:
The bloom of youth she gaily pass'd,
And thought, or hoped, 'twould ever last;
From gay fifteen to twenty-five
Her charms, and beaux, were all alive:
She pleased or slighted them at pleasure,
Knowing the value of her treasure,
Which not in sordid gold had place—
Her fortune was her voice and face,—
Certain, if wedlock she should choose,
Her hand no suitor could refuse.
But the swift course of thirty years
Her charms had drooped, and raised her fears;
Her roses faded, and her beaux,
Of course, now left her to repose;
By those with whom she toy'd and flirted
She found herself now quite deserted;
Her voice, which ravish'd every ear,
Now scar'd the very cat with fear.
Quick to her toilet's help she flies,
Paints, washes, to her skin applies:
How vain each source of art we try,
To make it with sweet nature vie!
Naught could revive her faded bloom—
A single life seemed now her doom.
While thus in solitude she sigh'd,
A gaudy butterfly she spied,
Which round about the candles flutter'd,
Singeing its wings, this moral utter'd:
Gay hapless Sylvia, gaze on me;
An emblem of yourself you see;
Like you, in Nature's charms array'd,
Through pleasure's maze I thoughtless stray'd,
In beauty's dazzling colours drest,
By every foppish fly caress'd,
The sweets of ev'ry flower I tasted,
And thus my prime of life was wasted:
Gay spring and summer quickly pass'd,
And now in autumn's vale I'm cast,
Forsook by all who buz, and run,
And glitter, in the noon-day sun:
Too late I find that fortune's friends
Praise and caress for selfish ends;
Too late I find that beauty's flower
Blooms, fades, and dies, in one short hour.
Then learn of me—'tis not too late—
Take warning and avoid my fate:
Still seeking pleasure to the last,
Behold my end approaching fast;
Bereft of every power to please,
Myself with various arts I teaze,
In vain endeavours to restore
Those beauties which are now no more;
Neglected in the vale of years,
Devoid of hope, oppress'd with fears,
The victim of frail charms behold.
The story of my sorrows told,
This moral will my fate unfold:
"That danger lurks in pleasure's way,
Which lures its votaries, to betray,
Leading from virtue's paths astray;
And Comus' cup, too long enjoy'd,
With pain and sorrow is alloy'd;
That vanity itself destroys,
Consuming its ephemeral joys;
That beauty dazzles for an hour,
And fades neglected like a flower,
Admir'd only in its prime,
Then crush'd by all-destroying Time."
This said, the butterfly expir'd;
When Sylvia from her glass retir'd,
Cast off her vanity and pride,
And soon became a happy bride.

A VAIN VISION.

One night on my uneasy couch I toss'd,
While from mine eyes fast tears of sorrow drain,
Sighing for blasted hopes, ambition cross'd,
For years of vain desire, attempts as vain!
When sudden to my eyes a blessed sight
Was shewn—a figure all of moving light!
More graceful than my fancy e'er could feign,
Stood at my side, as beautiful as bright!
Her robes essential of the moon's mild beam,
Her dazzling form marked by a brighter gleam:

"Droop not!" she cried, "fond swain—ardent and young!
"Cease not to hope, and fail not to pursue:
No vulgar strains shall e'er defile thy tongue,
But strains like some that better ages knew!"

PHILOMUSA.

LINES

LEFT ON A GARDEN SEAT.

STRANGER, the lines that meet thine eye
Are traced by one oppressed with grief,
Whose aching heart obtains relief
From cherishing the fond belief
That thou wilt grant thy sympathy.

One who is doomed through life to go,
By disappointment still attended,
To mark the painful hours move slow,
And droop beneath a weight of woe,
Dejected, lonely, and unfriended.

To gaze, with retrospective eye,
On scenes of lost felicity,
That prompt the unavailing sigh,
And contrast, by their brilliant dye,
The deepening shades of misery.

Whose mind, to lasting grief a prey,
Feels all its energies consume;
Reason can scarce maintain her sway,
And Hope's bright animating ray
No longer penetrates the gloom.

And wan Despair, with chilling power,
Is closely on her footsteps stealing,
Blighting in Fancy's grasp the flowers
She pluck'd in early happy hours,
And withering every ardent feeling.

E. M.

July 17th, 1815.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER; by Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, esq. A new edition. Price 24s.

THE ingenious and profitable art of book-making was perhaps never carried to a greater extent than in the frequent republications of the "Complete Angler," more particularly the two last editions. Who would believe that the massive royal octavo volume now put forth, adorned with numerous plates, long prefaces, and tedious notes, was originally nothing but a simple guide to a very simple art; that the book, which now is offered to sale for four-and-twenty shillings, was originally sold for less than a tenth part of the sum. The truth is, that by a lapse of time the work has completely changed its character. How would the diffidence and modesty of Isaac Walton be shocked could he behold himself converted from a simple and amusing instructor in the art of angling into the most important author of the period in which he lived; for certainly no writer who was his contemporary has received half the honours that have been heaped upon him.

We do not intend to deny that the "Complete Angler" is a very agreeable book: on the contrary, considering that the subject is in a manner scientific, we are surprised at the very pleasant way in which it is made entertaining even to those who do not take delight in the occupation of the angler. We are gratified, above all, by the vein of good-humour and benevolence that runs through the whole work, so perfect an image of the mind of the author; and we are entertained by the interspersion of amusing anecdotes and information regarding his friends and contemporaries, in the whole period from the end of the reign of Elizabeth to the end of that of James II. a space of more than eighty years.

With respect to the notes by the editor, which serve to swell the volume in the present edition, they are much the same as in the last; many of them are useful and instructive, and some necessary for the explana-

tion of the author in parts of his work that have become obsolete; but others are puerile and insignificant, dwelling with gossiping particularity on minutiæ which interested no one but the writer. To the reduplication of the plates, however, we principally object, not merely because they so materially augment its price (a most important consideration with the publisher), but because they actually diminish the pleasure with which the work is read. This objection more especially applies to the edition now before us, where the most insignificant object mentioned or alluded to by Walton is made the subject of a wood-cut or a copper-plate, under pretence of giving the readers a correct notion of the various places and situations. If they be like us they would infinitely rather have been without such precise information, which brings every thing down to the level of cold reality, leaving no range to the imagination, and giving no credit to the descriptive powers of the author; one of whose principal excellencies is his facility in presenting the scene to the mind's eye infinitely better than even by the clever designs of Mr. Linnel, and the neat engravings of Mr. Audinet. The original sketches by Wale in the first edition, published by Sir John Hawkins, are quite of a different class, being merely the impressions produced by the author's descriptions upon the mind of an artist, and not the tame correct imitations of existing objects. But, though the reader might be better satisfied with the bare imagination of the scenes, the bookseller would not be as well pleased with the bare imagination of the advantages he is likely to gain from this republication, for which the additional plates are the chief excuse.

A correspondent, in our fifth number, communicated some particulars respecting Isaac Walton; and we believe that he is now so generally known that it is not necessary to say any thing regarding the extended biographical notice of him affixed to the present and preceding edition of the "Angler;" a memoir made up in a most curious style of minute and patient investigation: yet, such is the feeling excited by "honest old Isaac," as his friends were accustomed to call him, that the merest trifles possess an interest that could be endured in the memoirs of few other authors. The goodness of his heart secured him friends wherever he went, and, though his talents by no means deserve the wild admiration that some persons have bestowed, they were such as to secure him respect and esteem in an age when ability was considered an introduction to the first societies, and when men were weighed by their worth more than by their wealth. Isaac Walton, the hosier in Chancery-lane, often filled a place by the side of some of the noblest peers of the land, and his own independence of mind taught him that he had a just claim to such a seat.*

Those who, from reading the life of Walton, have felt as they proceeded a growing love for the kindness and benignity of his nature, will be shocked, no doubt, sometimes in the course of his book, not only with the apparent unconcern with which he speaks of the torments

* An anecdote is told, we believe of Piron, which does him more credit than all his poems. He came late to a dinner at a French nobleman's, where he was invited: the company, not knowing who he was, were rising as he entered the room. "Pray do not disturb yourselves," said the host; "it is not necessary to rise—it is only Piron the poet." Piron overheard the expression as he passed through the door, and, bowing haughtily to the company, observed, "Since I am announced in my true character, I will take the place that is least unworthy of me:" and he seated himself at the head of the table. It requires no comment.

of the fish writhing upon his hook, but with the seeming barbarity with which he talks of baiting his lines with struggling animals, and of the best modes of keeping them alive and sensible to the agonies inflicted: for instance, in speaking of fishing for the pike, he says—

"Thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive: Put your hook, I mean your arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, sow the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, *and in so doing use him as though you loved him;* that is, harm him as little as you possibly may, that he may live the longer."

What a profanation of language and feeling does this expression seem to a tender mind, unused to the contemplation of such exquisite cruelties; and yet we all know that, without the least diminution of natural benevolence to our fellow-creatures, by habit the mind may be made so callous and insensible as to pass over these relations as things of course: that it was so with Walton to the utmost extent is obvious, not only from the fact, but from the mode in which that fact is stated. Many other instances of the same kind might be adduced from his book. Let the reader pass the eye over the following short passage, and it will appear almost miraculous that a man who possessed such sensibilities to the beauty of natural objects, should become by habit so hardened to the kind sympathies of our nature.

"First let me tell you, that the very hour which you were absent from me I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me: that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, and others leaping at flies, of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, I could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeyes and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this pleasant month of May. These and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like the field in Sicily, where the perfumes arising from the place made all the dogs that hunt in it to fall off and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I sat thus joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what our Saviour said, that 'the meek possess the earth,' or rather they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life, and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it—

Hail, blest estate of lowliness!
Happy enjoyment of such minds
As, rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall."—
P. 211, edit. 1661.

A great many similar quotations might be made from the book, but perhaps none that speak so completely the mind of the author,—"meek and quiet-spirited," yet "rich in self-contentedness."

These sort of Arcadian descriptions, in which the author (as our correspondent observed, vol. i. p. 325,) "really carries the reader out with him into the fields to breathe the fresh air," are the most original parts of the work, and indeed the only parts in which readers in general will feel interested, with the exception of the notices of contemporaries and happy quotations from neglected and forgotten poets. In the scientific portion of the "Complete Angler," Walton frequently borrows from others, and particularly

his instructions upon fly-fishing, which are by no means complete: this deficiency was, however, supplied by Cotton, and his addition forms the second part of the "Angler." It is rather an ungracious task to point out the plagiaries of such a man, who has generally the fairness and candour to acknowledge his authorities, nor are they of much consequence: we will, therefore, conclude the present article by only referring to one on the subject of the antiquity of angling. Gervase Markham, in his book upon the same subject, published in 1635, called "the Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations," has the following passage.

"Now, for the antiquity thereof (for all pleasures, like gentry, are held to be most excellent which are most ancient), it is by some writers said to be found out by Deucalion and Pialia, his wife, after the general flood; others write it was the invention of Saturn, after the peace concluded betwixt him and his brother Titan; and others that it came from Bellus, the son of Nimrod, who first invented all holy and virtuous recreations: and all these, though they savour of fiction, yet they differ not from truth, for it is most certain that both Deucalion, Saturn, and Bellus, are taken for figures of Noah and his family, and the invention of the art of angling is truly said to come from the sons of Seth, of which Noah was most principal."—*G. Markham's Art of Angling*, p. 3.

Those who refer to the same point in Walton's book will immediately be struck by the resemblance between the two passages, even in phraseology, though it is not at all impossible that the similarity may arise from the fact that Markham and Walton referred to the same authority regarding the antiquity of angling; for the latter admits "that former times have had their disquisitions on the subject." Markham, too, was a professed book-maker, and may be considered almost the earliest hackney-writer in our language: he published nearly upon all subjects.

RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM.

I study to bring forth some acceptable work; not striving to shew any rare invention that passeth a mean man's capacity, but to utter and revive matter of some moment, known and talked of long ago, yet over long hath been buried and as it seemeth laid dead, for any fruit it hath shewed in the memory of man.—CHURCHYARD's *Spark of Friendship; addressed to Sir W. Raleigh*, 1588.

FRANCE PAINTED TO THE LIFE; by a learned and impartial Hand. London, printed for Wm. Leake, 1657.

IT is not, perhaps, possible at this time to ascertain who was the author of the small work now before us. Whoever he be, we may safely affirm that he was one of the most acute and witty observers that ever travelled into foreign countries; yet we are much mistaken if he have not written other works besides this anonymous publication: for such an easy flow of style, such well-chosen and pointed expressions, could scarcely have been produced by an individual not in the habit of composition. Sometimes it a little resembles the best of the letters of Howel (reviewed in our Magazine for June), but, on the whole, the strain of keen sarcasm, shrewd observation, and humourous allusion, are much above the general run of that excellent author's compositions. For the same reason we do not assign it to Cleveland, who wrote sometimes in a similar, though not

with equal, spirit; nor is it known that he ever visited France: indeed, it is difficult to find a man, even of that day, with the exception of Butler, who had wit and talent enough to have written such a book, and we have no other authority to attribute it to him but the intrinsic merit of the production. It is useless to waste more time in conjectures, that only shew in the end that it has been wasted.

Addison says, that "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or cholerick disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." That this remark is true to a certain extent no one will deny, though it might require ingenuity to shew that some of the particulars noticed would "conduce to the right understanding of an author," and are not the result merely of that natural curiosity we feel regarding all persons by whom we are interested. In this instance, however, our readers can receive, for the reasons assigned, no such gratification; and therefore, in reading the extracts we shall supply, they must trust to their own conjectures and imagination, as the author throughout does not supply a single hint that personally regards himself, excepting that he was an Englishman, who, before he went into France, seems to have been accustomed to the enjoyment of the conveniences and luxuries of life. We lament, however, that not even the name of the author of "France painted to the Life," has reached us, because such a circumstance gives an identity that serves to fix the work, with its merits, defects, or peculiarities, more effectually upon the mind of the reader.

On this and some other accounts we should not have chosen the work now before us as a subject for the retrospective department of our miscellany, had it not been so peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of the day in which we live. Many of our readers, no doubt, visited the continent in the course of last summer, and it is probable, in consequence of the happy re-opening of the ports, that many more, who have not before been abroad, will imitate the example of those who have. The first point of attention was and will be France and its capital; and those who read the extracts we shall make from this work, and afterwards compare them with what their own senses will furnish, will be astonished at the wonderful sagacity and acuteness of the author, who seems intuitively to have ascertained the character of the French nation, and to have stamped it with a fidelity and precision that is astonishing. His description of manners are no less striking and correct; and the writer of the present article, having gone over the scene himself in the last year, is able to bear testimony to their spirit and accuracy. In the outset, the writer of "France painted to the Life" went over the same ground we ourselves travelled. The following passage is taken from the early part of the work, just after the arrival of the author at Dieppe: he and his companions are about to set off for Rouen.

"The *cart* stayeth, and it is fit we were in it; horses we could get none for money, and for love we did not expect them. We are now mounted in one *chariot*, for so we must call it: an Englishman thought it a plain *cart*, and, if it needs will have the honour of being a *chariot*, let it: sure I am it was never ordained for a triumph. At one end were fastened three carcasses of horses, or three bodies that had been once horses and now were worn to dead images. At last they began to crawl, for go they could not. This converted me from my former heresy, and made me apprehend life in them, but it was so little that it seemed only enough to carry them to the next pack of hounds. Thus

accommodated we bade farewell to Dieppe, and proceeded with a pace so slow that we thought our journey to Rouen would prove a most perfect emblem of the motion of the ninth sphere, which was 49,000 years in finishing. Thus endured we all the diseases of a journey, and the danger of three several deaths—drowning, choking with the mire, and breaking of the wheel; besides a fear of being famished before we came to our inn."

Excepting that the mode of conveyance now is a little more rapid (though even in that respect the improvement is not striking), this description of a journey is most accurate; and the spirit and minuteness with which the whole detail is given, did our space allow us to continue the extract, puts us on the spot with the travellers, heartily laughing with them at their appearance and distresses. The subsequent account of Tostes, a village half way between Dieppe and Rouen, and what is called the inn there, is still better. We should have expected that the humourous old Bishop Corbet, of Norwich, would have written prose exactly in this style, but he was dead sometime before this work appeared.

"We came at last to Tostes, the place destinate to our lodging, a town like the worst sort of market-towns in England. There our charioteer brought us to the ruins of an house: an *ale-house* I should scarce have thought it, and yet, in spite of my teeth, it must be an *inn*, yea, and that *an honourable one too*, as Don Quixotte's host told him. Despair of finding there either bedding or victuals made me wish to trust again to our cart, had it been possible; just like the fellow at the gallows, who, when he might have been reprieved on condition he would marry a wench which there sued for him, having viewed her well, cried to the hang-man *to drive on his cart*. The truth is, *J'eschappay du tonnere et tombay en l'eclair*,* according to the French proverb—I fell out of the frying-pan into the hot fire. One of the house (a ragged fellow, and so most likely to live there,) brought us to a room somewhat of kindred to a charnel-house, as dark and as dampish: I confess it was paved with brick at the bottom, and had, towards the orchard, a pretty hole, which in former times had been a window, but now the glass was all vanished. By the light that came in at the hole I first perceived that I was not in England. * * * By my description of the inn you may guess at the rest of France; not altogether wretched, yet is the alteration almost insensible."

Those who have been at Tostes cannot fail to recognise in this picture almost the identical inn they found there, with all its luxurious concomitants. It is possible that the house now standing there may be the very same entered by this quaint and witty traveller, for, though of brick, the walls are so substantial that they may have lasted these 200 years, and would last 200 years longer; but what adds so much to the forlorn misery of the place is that the timber and ornaments, not being so durable, are fast rotting away, and the patched sash-windows (for such they have since adopted) are some of them literally dropping out of their frames. In the culinary art, in the principal towns, the French are much improved of late years; but the following may be taken as not a very exaggerated account of the cooking at these low *auberges*, dignified by the title of inns.

"Let us now walk into the kitchen; and here we found a most terrible execution committed on the person of a pullet. My hostess (cruel woman!) had cut the throat of it, and, without plucking off the feathers, tore it into pieces with her hands, and afterwards took away skin and feathers together, just as we strip rabbits in England. This done, it was clapped into a pan and fried into a supper. In other places, where we could get meat for the spit, it useth to be presently broached and laid perpendicularly over the fire; three turns at most dispatcheth it, and bringeth it up to the table rather scorched than roasted.* I

* The old mode of spelling this French saying.

* Those who have been in France know that there is no notion so mistaken as to suppose that the French roast their meat to rags, as it is called. Their *roast meat* they often eat in a state so raw that an Englishman cannot touch it.

say, where we could get it; for in these rascally inns you cannot have what you would but what you may, and that also not at the cheapest. At Pontoise we met with a rabbit, and we thought we had found a great purchase. Larded it was, as all meat is in this country, otherwise it is so lean it could never endure the roasting. In the eating it proved so tough that I could not be persuaded that it was any more than *three removes from the rabbit which was in the ark.* The price half a crown English: my companions thought it over dear, but to me it seemed very reasonable, for certainly the grass that fed it was worth more than thrice the money."

Without flattery to the females of England, all persons, whether natives or foreigners, will admit the justice of what this writer says of the women of France. He is led to the subject by alluding to his hostess and her daughters, at a wretched dirty ale-house.

"Not to honour them with a further character, let this suffice—that their persons kept excellent decorum with the house and furniture. The women, generally, of all France are forced to be contented with a little beauty, and she which with us is reckoned among the vulgar would amongst them be taken for a princess."

This fact forms one of the strongest objections against the adoption of French fashions in England. Oliver Goldsmith laughs at our women, because brown and fair, handsome and ugly, all wear the same prevailing dress; and it is not less true that habiliments that become a plain woman may be very injurious to the appearance of a beautiful woman: for this reason French dress may very well suit Frenchwomen, but is it not at all adapted to those of our happier country.

Every line we read we are struck with the great acuteness and observation of this traveller: he says so much truth in so small a compass. Thus, in speaking of attendants:—

"The principal ornaments of these times are the men-servants, the raggedest regiment I ever yet looked upon. By the habit of his attendants a man would think himself in gaol; their clothes are full of patches, or else open to the skin. Bid one of them wipe your boots, he presently hath recourse to the curtains; with those he will perhaps rub over one side, and leave the other to be made clean by the guest: it is enough for him that he hath set the copy."

How much more characteristic and impressive are these sketches than the laboured paintings of modern tourists, who, having made a fortnight's trip to Paris, write a book "upon the moral, political, and physical state of France, their relations, establishments, institutions," and many other long and sounding words that pass for wisdom, and with the generality of readers very well supply its place. But we must hasten to the best part of this book, in which the author speaks of the character of the French nation. The following passages are touched with a most masterly hand and mind, and contain more political and moral wisdom than half the ostentatious quartos of this book-making age, with the names of the authors in capitals: yet the writer of "France to the Life" was contented to remain unknown and imbeplastered with praise, laid on in our days like whitewash by a blind man, over and over again in the same place, or on parts that were much better avoided.

"The present French, then, is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name—as rash he is as headstrong, and as hair-brained: *a nation whom you shall win with a feather and lose with a straw.* Upon the first sight of him you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing; in one hour's conference you may endear him to you; in the second, unbutton him; the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father and bound to conceal them: when you have learned this you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of), himself will make the first separation. * * * In his private self-conceitedness, he hateth the

Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German: himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman; but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand; afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil: meekness or submission makes them insolent, a little resistance puts them to their heels or makes them your spaniels. In a word, for I have held him too long, he is a walking vanity in a new fashion."

How admirably are all these admirable things said, making only a slight allowance for the quaintness of the style of the age. Who would not almost suppose (if we had talent enough to write so well) that we had not been imposing upon our readers, and that, having been recently to France, we had been giving a sketch of our own journey and of the character of the people of that country at the present moment. But nearly the whole of this excellent tract, written 150 years ago, is in the same style: its truth, proved by our own experience, makes us the more admire. What an eye had the author! penetrating with prophetic glance almost into futurity, as if he contemplated the very events that make us admit, with few exceptions, that the character of the French people above drawn is not more severe than they have themselves since shewn they amply merited—"*a nation whom you shall win with a feather and lose with a straw.*"

I. P. C.

FINE ARTS.

Nature-breathing Art!—THOMSON.

MR. WEST'S PICTURES.

IN addition to the grand picture of *Christ Rejected*, noticed in our first number, Mr. West's Exhibition-room has been lately enriched by two other large and finished paintings and by ten sketches.

1. *Christ healing in the Temple.* This picture is nearly the same as the one exhibited a few years since in the British Institution: it is, like that, rich in anatomical science, in judicious grouping, in a noble style of drapery, in a strong and natural character of corporeal disease, and in the more important one of mind. These are the primary constituents of the subject; and the two first and the last mentioned qualities are the essentials in all historical works: they place Mr. West in the glorious list of the great masters, but not among the first in that list. To Raffaelle, for instance, we could refer for a painting of Christ and his disciples, of a more elevated character than those in this or any other picture of Mr. West. The disciple on the right of the Saviour has a mild and deep thoughtfulness, and his ample forehead and well-proportioned features are cast in the mould of manly beauty; but the other disciples represent mean fishermen rather than the sacred followers of the great founder of Christianity. Mean fishermen they certainly were; but the importance attached to their functions as Christ's disciples demands of paintings dignity, to give them a loftier aspect. The painter has been very felicitous in his representation of Christ: we must be, indeed, devoid of feeling if we do not here recognise him "who went about doing good,"—him "in whose mouth

there was found no guile,"—and who preached "peace and good-will among mankind." Among the sick, the main object is the consumptive man, brought before the divine healer by two athletic assistants. Here Raffaelle himself could scarcely have been more descriptive: here is, indeed, the melancholy portraiture of "pining atrophy"—the hollow eyes; the bones, impatient of their former concealment, intruding their shapes on the eye; the flesh white, from the drying-up of the ruddy vital stream in the almost annihilated channels of flesh; the neck, unable to sustain the head, letting it sink within the level of the shoulders; the grey locks, in the summer-time of life, anticipating from disease the winter of age. But this dreary object, this phantom of manly existence, is exhilarated by a warm feeling of hope, lighting up his otherwise rayless eyes, and throwing into it a look of confident expectation of the coming good, of the fruition of the hope of health long deferred: this, mixed with a devotional feeling, expressed by his united hands, render an otherwise unpleasant, because diseased, object the prime feature of the picture, seen as it is in the highest light. In the beautiful face of his wife, as it leans anxiously forward, looking at Christ and pointing to her husband, are seen the ardent breathings of connubial love; and in various other faces the deep concern and eager hope of sorrowing relatives, especially in the boy who is leading a groping blind father. The action of the hands in a blind boy, led by his father, is gracefully significant of his sueing for the blessing of sight. Here we must not omit to admire the unusual judgment displayed in the action of the hands in all Mr. West's pictures: they are always expositors of the action of the mind in the figures to which they belong. One of the alterations from the former picture in the Institution is a young maniac, borne along by his father and mother: it is a most lively delineation of horror. His limbs are in tumultuous agitation; his eyes glare; his complexion is livid; his looks are altogether rigid and malign; the hair, Nature's graceful finishing to the head, has disappeared; and the wreck of the mind is terrifically seen in the storm of disease that tosses about the unruddered vessel in which it is contained. The picture's colouring is in parts beautiful, such as in the flesh of the blind boy; but its general spread is spotty, and by no means of the highest intelligence. We speak here in comparison with the choicest specimens, as seen in the works of Georgione, Titian, &c. A discordance is conspicuous between the exquisitely-beautiful cast of the Saviour's dress and its insipid dingy colour; while the numerous bronze-coloured faces want the relief of more varied and agreeably-toned carnations.

2. *The Crucifixion* is one of Mr. West's most vigorous performances. Every figure is highly significant of its proper expression, and the whole is shrouded in the dimmed and sickly daylight which preceded the darkness related in the Scripture to have signalised Christ's death. The picture is abundant in the development of mind; in the admirably-marked Jewish faces and pointing fingers are seen the low-thoughted and cruel scoffers; in the groupe of eager dice-throwers, the sordid seekers after gain "casting lots" for Christ's garments; in the centurion, gazing on the great Sufferer, the astonished and faith-confirmed convert; in the Magdalen, gazing wildly on the Saviour's nailed feet, the heart-broken friend; in the beloved disciple and Christ's mother, a deep, but more sobered, because expected, sorrow. Zealous attachment and belief are seen in the look and limbs stretched forth to-

wards Christ of one of the crucified malefactors; in the other, an equally strong and, indeed, unexcelled character of malignity and impenitence, as he turns from Christ his guilt-distorted face. The anatomical drawing throughout all these figures is of the best-informed kind, as it is in that of Christ, heightening by its graceful proportions the mournful impression of his sufferings. The solemn aspect of the subject is completed by the saintly objects, who, rising from their graves, are in the act of adoring the sacred author of the resurrection.

3. *The Descent of the Holy Ghost.* This is a representation of Christ as he is coming from the water, where he has just been baptised by John. The character of meekness, so predominating a principle of Christ's doctrine, and the new sanctity with which he is invested by the visible descent of Divine Power, are blended in his graceful look and mildly-solemn movement. His dress, cast as it is with dignity, is a specimen of the peculiar suitableness with which the president clothes his figures: their dresses belong to the particular objects and purposes for which they are intended, and no other; they are the vehicles of sentiment. The expression of a holy surprise in the other figures is profound.

4. *Peter's Sermon.* Of all the pictorial examples of the glowing feeling which originates its exterior expression in that action which Demosthenes called the first, second, and third requisite in oratory, the most justly admired is the vehement figure of St. Paul in Raffaelle's *St. Paul preaching at Athens;* both the arms are uplifted almost perpendicularly—a gesture which, however indecorous in the eyes of a cold-hearted church congregation, who would call it methodistical, is pregnant with a justly impassioned sublimity of effect, helping to awaken that strong sense of the importance of a subject which involves in it solemn considerations of life, death, and eternity. Here Mr. West's sacred orator has much of the same kind, though not the same degree, of vehemence; for the body is actively advanced, and the arms widely, though not so highly, extended as Raffaelle's: both movements spontaneously resulting from a mind which, as the face vivaciously denotes, is ardent in the cause it is asserting, and unchecked, like most of our established preachers, by the lifeless formalities of a reading pulpit.

5. *Paul and Barnabus rejecting the Jews and receiving the Gentiles.* Though all the feelings that are announced to the eye by outward looks are as clearly, if not more clearly, expressed by the pencil as the pen, there are innumerable thoughts and circumstances which no outward signs can designate, but are explained only by words. This subject is, in the main, of this description: were it not, therefore, for the annexed title, the consummation itself of painting could not alone elucidate it with accuracy. Here are two apostles discoursing earnestly to some admiring and to some displeased auditors; but, though they hold out their hands repulsively towards the former, who could divine that they were rejecting them? But the President has made the most of his subject—so much so, that he almost appears to be a twin-thinker with even Raffaelle. The apostles have a glowing eloquence of look and action; the thoughts of the other characters appear buoyant on the spring-tide of sacred knowledge: their hands are raised with admiration, and their eyes sparkle at the fire of inspired eloquence.

6. *Raising of Lazarus.* Mr. West's invention is not of that creative description which constitutes the highest flight of genius, by the ori-

ginality or newness of his conceptions, either of the familiar, the fanciful, or sublime; but still it is vigorous in the display of thoughts and feelings, which, though they have been previously conceived, are communicated in his own peculiar language of feature and of action. Thus, we cannot suppose any expression of sisterly tenderness more touching than in this canvass, where one of Lazarus's sisters is bending over and embracing his hands between her's; or where the other, fervent with the double feeling of gratitude to the restorer of her brother, and of astonishment and delight at his re-appearance, has pressed towards Lazarus to embrace him, while she turns a look of gratitude on Christ. The starts of astonishment, of fear, and of adoration, in the surrounding people, are in a just and noble style of thinking. It is almost needless to mention their dresses, which are here, as in all the President's works, of the same style.

7. *The Lord's Supper.* A pleasing composition and expressive character: but, when we recollect the energetic action, looks, and thoughts, in Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the same subject, even as we see it in the comparatively feeble graver of Raffaelle Morghani, we must regard this as a work of mediocrity. Mr. West's are but indications of feeling in the disciples, who are good-looking respectable men: Leonardi's are highly intelligent and extraordinary personages, every part of whose frames are lively expositors and actors of mind.

8. *Christ healing the Infirm.* This is a subject which affords a good opportunity for the painter to exhibit his osteological knowledge under the thin muscular covering which disease has left to the infirm. But it is easier than almost any other to tell, as the character of the different diseases are invariable and obvious, just as are the bones themselves.

9. *Moses receiving the Laws.* A collection of what, in the conversational language of criticism, are called fine figures, though not of the highest order. But where, it may be asked, are they below the highest standard? Is there not very accurate proportion in all the members? Do they not in this vie even with the Caracci themselves? Are they not dressed nobly, and well placed or composed? They may be well proportioned, coloured, and composed, all which excellencies heighten the strong character they exhibit; still that character may be very short of the lofty standard of a Rubens, or the still loftier one of a Raffaelle, the supreme of painters. Fine proportions contribute largely to reach that latter standard, as well as noble composition; and rich and true colouring raise it still higher: but there is a certain cast of countenance and action, and a certain disposal of limb and of dress, which defy the keenest investigator into the sources of expression verbally to account for and to analyse, and which, though in some measure may be reduced to physiognomical rules, are the result more of intense feeling than of systematic rule in the artist. So it is in Art's mistress, Nature. Many a face and figure rivet and delight the attention, and penetrate the heart infinitely more than well-arranged features or a fine form, whose beauties can be systemically accounted for.

10. *St. Stephen.* The friends of this first martyr are lifting up his recently immolated body. The serenity of the saint, or rather the consciousness of suffering in a good cause and the confidence of future reward, still rest on his youthful countenance, mingled with a delicate paleness and a look of pain. This, with the graceful droop of his head, the sorrowful parting looks of his friends as they gaze on his face, kiss

his hand, and carefully raise him into their arms, in connexion with their beautiful faces and forms, produce a soft melancholy, which is the most delightful impression of which the Fine Arts is capable, and is one of the best proofs of a delicate taste, because it is the strongest evidence of that sensibility which is the parent of Taste. Mr. West is not a little indebted for much of the beauty of this groupe to a groupe by Vernet, in his *Shipwreck.*

11. *Death on the Pale Horse.* This subject is taken from the sublime and mysterious book of Revelation, where three destroying horsemen are described, with Death on a pale horse, followed by infernal beings. Groupes of people dying by the sword, famine, and wild beasts, complete the awful scene. Two chief sources of the sublime, terror and the pathetic, as seen in destructive and fiercest action, in paralising fear, anticipated and actual death, slowly-knawing disease and hunger, and piteous pleadings for life, render this (we think) Mr. West's noblest work. "The king of terrors," and the horse that hurries him onward, are in a fury of look and action of which painting has here reached its climax, and the "grisly terrors" which follow are in a corresponding look and movement. The whole is struck off with masterly and bold touches. Were this sketch copied by the powerful hand that painted it, on a large scale, its novelty, its terror, its appropriate whirlwind of action and lightning of character, in decisive contrast with the forms, timid, trembling, and quiescent, would render it even more attractive than the crowd-drawing *Christ Rejected,* and the admirable works we have just described. Every touch in this grand work tells with a tender or terrific energy.

KING'S-MEWS EXHIBITION.

A gratification hitherto scarcely equalled, in the numerous exhibitions of art, for novelty, beauty, and sublimity, is now afforded to the tasteful, in the colossal cast from the colossal statue on Mount Cavallo at Rome, chisseled by the immortal hand of Phidias, the most renowned of the Grecian sculptors. A just statement of its beauties might well tempt the making, if necessary, some real sacrifice of convenience to go and view so correct a copy of what has come down, through revolving and ravaging ages, unimpaired. On this account, as well as from its stupendous size and vigorous action, it is sublime. The form and port render it graceful; for the latter resembles closely the Apollo Belvidere, but with more vigour. On viewing it, the mind feels a delightful expansion: it leaves this nether world, and is transported from its pigmy inhabitants into an ideal association with a progeny of superior intelligencies and of immense corporeal powers. It evidently represents a hero in an attitude of defence, and sensibly reminds us of a sublimely-combating angel of Milton.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

O Music, sphere-descended Maid!—COLLINS.

L'ORAGE, Rondo Pastorale, pour le Piano-forte; en imitation du célèbre Rondo de Steibelt. Composé et dedié à Mademoiselle Gibbings, par T. Latour, Pianiste de son Altesse Royale Monseigneur le Prince Regent. Chappel. 4s.

IT often happens that, when a man strives to do his best, he falls infinitely short of what he has executed at another time without a seeming effort. Mr. Latour, by adhering too

closely to his model, has not only incurred the imputation of plagiarism, but has not come up to the usual standard of his own compositions. The pianiste of royalty has been much more successful in "Le Retour de Windsor," "Leiber Augustin," and many of his other pieces, than in the present effort.

No. II. CALEDONIA; a new Medley Divertimento, composed of popular Scottish Melodies, arranged in a familiar style for the use of Young Practitioners on the Piano-forte, by J. Munro. 2s.

No. III. HIBERNIA; composed of popular Irish ditto; ibid.

Of these Scottish and Irish melodies Mr. Munro seems to have selected the best; and, by giving alternately a plaintive and gay air, has contrived to keep up the interest of the whole. The junior classes of schools will be much amused and improved by these compilations.

THREE GERMAN WALTZES; composed and arranged for the Piano-forte, by M. C. Gall. Munro. 1s. 6d.

German waltzes are now poured in upon us without mercy. In these jog-trot pieces, we can only say, there is little to offend and not much to please.

HOW SWEET ARE THE STRAINS; CUPID'S SNARE; FAIR AND FAITHFUL TOO; THE LONDON CRIES; THE COMFORTS AND SWEETS OF A DRAM; sung at Vauxhall Gardens; written and composed by John Parry. Bland and Weller. 1s. 6d. each.

Vocal music has been much on the decline at Vauxhall since the days of Vernon and Mrs. Wrighten, who used to delight the audience with their comic glees and duets; while the rich tones displayed by Mrs. Weichsel (the mother of Mrs. Billington) afforded a fine specimen of classical singing. If Mr. Parry should succeed, and he certainly strives hard, in recalling the attention of the public to the music, which is at present engrossed with cascades and fireworks, it will greatly add to his reputation, which is rising very fast. With regard to the collection before us, we admire the "London Cries" and "How sweet are the Strains;" but we strongly object to Mr. Dignum's song of "the Comforts and Sweets of a Dram," because it recommends in a very agreeable manner a very disagreeable habit.

AIR HONGROISE, avec Variations pour le Piano-forte; composées par Frederic Lobry. Goulding. 2s. 6d.

We should not think of travelling into Hungary to acquire taste, from this specimen of Hungarian music; but, though the air is dull, Mr. Lobry has shewn great skill in the contrivance of the numerous variations. We go on very smoothly till we come to the thirteenth variation; and this appears to be a kind of invocation, much in the manner of Von Esh, who, unlike most other authors, always places his invocation in the middle of the piece. We conclude with a *presto agitato*, which, to use a vulgar phrase, is a kind of "bang up" to the whole.

AN INTRODUCTION AND POLONAISE for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, *ad libitum*. Composed, and dedicated to Miss Watkins, by J. B. Cramer. Chappel. 3s. 6d.

This elegant author, with a head to conceive and a hand to execute the most astonishing difficulties, has confined himself latterly to the composition of such lighter pieces as may come within the reach of young ladies of moderate abilities; yet nothing is omitted that can assist in guiding the taste or in forming the hand. The multiplicity of his compositions has rather increased than lessened the avidity of the public to possess them.

A PASTORAL DIVERTIMENTO; in which are introduced the celebrated Airs, LIETI FIORI and WAGHI COLLI, composed by Winter; arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by Aug. Meves. Christmas. 4s. 6d.

We had much rather see Mr. Meves employ himself in original compositions than in these hashed-up compilations of others. The two first airs are Winter's, and the rondo (not inferior to either of them) we presume is his own. Having frequently heard him perform his own pieces in private parties, we are solicitous he should take his rank in musical society.

THE DRAMA.

———They abuse our scene
That say we live by *Vice*—indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do—
Only to cure them!—*Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.*

CLOSING OF THE WINTER THEATRES—O. P. DISTURBANCES.

SINCE my last, Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres have terminated their performances for the season, and, willing to leave behind a favourable impression, each has on the last night held out a threat of raising the price of admission to the pit, at the re-opening of the houses in September next. I do not intend to enter much into this question; but I cannot help saying that my opinion fully accords with that expressed by the public, though perhaps not exactly on the same grounds. The general complaint is against the sum, which indeed is so trifling that none who can afford to go into the pit of the theatre can feel it; but I should oppose it on the principle, and for this reason (although, of course, I never took a part in it either one way or the other,) that I was not well pleased with the compromise made between the public and the managers in 1807 or 1808: I would have resisted to the last any, even the smallest, augmentation, on several grounds.

Reckoning the nightly receipts at only 500*l.* (and they have often been infinitely more), and that the theatres are open two hundred nights, the gross receipts to the managers are no less than 100,000*l.*—a sum with the enormousness of which few are acquainted: making allowances for Lent, and for benefits (when, however, the performers pay the proprietors for the hire of the house and for incidental expences), the amount is certainly not to be calculated lower; and do the managers pretend to say, that out of those receipts they are not able to maintain their establishments, and at the same time make a great profit. It is fit that a few of the authenticated items of expenditure should be laid before the public, that they may see what excuse there is for making this fresh demand. On the general view of the subject, theatrical property must be one of the most profitable concerns in which a man can engage: it is not fair, in reply, to quote the embarrassments of Drury Lane, because we all know they arise from circumstances not belonging to Covent Garden Theatre, the shares of which have been most productive.

But, supposing the managers and proprietors could make out a case of great distress; supposing they could shew that they received annually above 100,000*l.* but that their expences exceeded that sum, it would

by no means follow that the price of admission should be raised, because they must go farther, and must prove that the charges which they require the public to reimburse were properly incurred. The great charges upon a theatre arise either from property or performers: what they call *property*, technically speaking, is the scenery, decorations, wardrobes, machinery, &c.; and those who request this augmentation must make out that it was necessary and unavoidable that they should expend such enormous sums in getting up the pieces they have produced, by which, to say no more of it, tragedy has lost its dignity, and poetry has been drawn from the stage; the first having been reduced to the level of gaudy pantomime, and the last having been compelled to give place to "inexplicable dumb shew." What is the true reason why Mr. Kean's acting is deemed so good and is found so effective?—Because he makes the poetry, which can scarcely ever be heard, subordinate to his acting, which is generally acknowledged to be best when he says the least, as I might quote many parts of his various characters to shew. The proprietors, before they make a new call, must satisfy those who have to pay that all this profusion of gaudiness is necessary to the performance and enjoyment of the legitimate drama.

Secondly, with respect to the performers, they will have to prove that it is impossible to carry on the business of the theatre without such a number of actors as are at present engaged, and to whom they are paying most unreasonable salaries. This point the managers of Drury Lane have themselves decided, by having dismissed many favourites of the public, whom they at first thought a necessary part of their establishment. I know that Mr. Elliston has long looked forward to the time when his aid would no longer be required, and in his discharge alone the proprietors gain 35*l.* per week; in the whole, the amount saved by the dismissal of these performers is not less than 130*l.* weekly.

It is not enough, therefore, for them even to say that they have not hitherto made a large profit; but they must add that they cannot, in future, secure to themselves a fair remuneration by retrenchments that will give pleasure to every thinking person, and to every lover of dramatic poetry.

BENEFIT NIGHTS—THEATRICAL MASQUERADES.

Many of the theatrical representations since my last review has been for the benefit of the actors and actresses; and it is not, perhaps, fair to make the performances on such occasions the subject of criticism, inasmuch as they were often mere experiments for the sake of attracting houses. With regard, however, to the novelty of masquerades, said to be an exact representation of that species of amusement abroad, we must say that, if that be its recommendation or excuse (and assuredly it has no other derived from any intrinsic merit), the foundation completely fails; for such a representation, or any thing in a remote degree resembling it, was never given in any foreign country, and it is to be hoped that such dullness and stupidity will never be repeated in this. I might with truth apply some worse epithets to it, but, as it was only an attempt, the subject is not worth severity.

While on the subject of *benefits*, I may be allowed to say a few words regarding them. It has always struck me, ever since I knew any thing of the mode in which houses were procured by performers in general, that these annual obligations to the public rendered them infinitely too much the slaves of those to whom they are

called the servants. Surely it is enough (to use, I believe, Garrick's often-quoted words) that "those who live to please must please to live:" they are sufficiently subservient to the audiences already, without this additional claim upon their independence. In this respect an actor is in a most deplorable state; and the degradation of mind consequent, in a manner, upon his humiliation must be deeply lamented by all who feel for the honour and dignity of human nature. Lord Bacon, speaking of great men, says, that "they are thrice servants;" but an actor endures a species of subjection that is much more lamentable, and which puts him at the mercy of every critical apprentice in the one-shilling gallery. No wonder, therefore, if heretofore they have been, and are at present, considered a degraded and unfortunate set of beings. Many persons, no doubt, recollect the good story related of Garrick, on his own authority:—He and Weston were walking together in one of the streets of London, when they passed two chimney-sweepers, with their sacks of soot and brooms upon their shoulders. One of these black gentlemen, happening to look up at the moment, recognised the two performers, each the first in his line; Jack immediately drew his companion's attention, with a contemptuous sneer, "I say, Bill—player-men! player-men!"—"Don't you laugh at 'em," replied Bill; "who knows what you may come to yourself?"

Certainly in some respects these player-men were objects of compassion and commiseration with the chimney-sweepers, who properly felt their own superiority. No man had this conviction impressed upon him more strongly than Garrick, and he was accustomed to relate several stories similar, as to inference, with that above given.

The most painful and most debasing part of the business seems to be the manner in which actors or actresses are compelled to make spectacles of themselves at their own houses, to gratify the curiosity of every intruder who may willingly pay his seven shillings for the sake of seeing Miss O'Neil or Mr. Kean off the stage. On the approach of the benefit, the performer is generally expected to be at home for the sake of selling the tickets for his night, and of making a smiling bow to the lords and masters who may condescend to call: for this reason it is that the address of the player is always put at the bottom of the advertising bills. Fortunately, however, in general the delicacy of mind of the nobility and gentry of this country confines these intrusive visitors to the "great vulgar"—to those who, by success in their several mechanical vocations, have gradually advanced from gallery to pit, and from pit to boxes;

> Who, all in due splendour to make their approach,
> Drive up to the door in their own *hackney coach.*

All these painful submissions and degradations might be easily avoided, if the managers would give the performer a certain sum in lieu of a benefit, taking upon themselves the usual risk. It is sometimes quite disgusting to see second and third-rate players carousing at low pot-houses with tippling mechanics for the sake of selling a few tickets for the galleries; making themselves "Hail fellow, well met!" with all the dirty-handed drudges of Whitechapel and Seven Dials. The managers, however, know their own interest in keeping the actor in a state of the most abject dependence. The theatrical law, that, after the dismissal of an actor from one theatre, he shall not be engaged at another until two years are elapsed, is a fine specimen of managerial liberality,

and must tend most materially to the encouragement of good acting.

MR. KEAN'S OCTAVIAN.

I am not afraid to say, in opposition to the majority of the house that witnessed the representation, that I received very little pleasure from Mr. Kean's Octavian; and I lamented to see a man of his talents degrade himself to the standard of every stage-struck hero who thinks himself qualified to rant through that maniac part. With all due deference to Mr. Colman's comic powers, which I acknowledge to be very far superior to those of his dramatic competitors, he must allow me to say that I think him about the worst tragic or serious writer for the stage that ever brought a piece upon it. It is not my intention, however, now to discuss the merits of the player or of the play, as we had but a very indifferent view of the performance, and as it was meant only as a novelty for the sake of filling the theatre for the benefit of the theatrical fund. I hope that by the next season Mr. Kean will have prepared some new and good characters to keep alive the interest of the town. The public has done a great deal to please him—now let him do something to please the public.

HAYMARKET AND LYCEUM THEATRES.

These places of summer amusement have been opened since our last. At the Haymarket Theatre, many new performers have been brought out, particularly comedians, who bid fair to be successful. I shall take another opportunity, when I have seen more of them, to enter into their individual merits. Mr. Meggot, a new tragedian, made his appearance, without success, in Richard the Third, and was rather unfairly dealt with by a prejudiced audience: not that I think his performance was very excellent, but it deserved hearing, and was superior (as far as I was allowed to hear it) to that of some favourite performers.

Of the Lyceum, I really have nothing to say. The managers are proceeding just on the same plan as last year, with just the same performances. "Frederick the Great," which, excepting for some pretty music, ought to have been condemned the first night, is enjoying a fresh career of public approbation: I was tired of the piece, the first night I saw it, before it was half finished.

TOM NASHE, *the younger.*

THE OPERA.

Twin-born harmonious sisters, *Voice* and *Verse!*—MILTON.

THE interest of an Italian drama, divested of its music, is very trifling: the dialogue, being chaunted in recitative, however gratifying to a musical ear, becomes tiresome to those ears which have been more accustomed to the natural dialogue of the English theatres. The operas of Metastasio delight in the closet by their natural invention and beauty of language, both of which are rendered unintelligible, in many of their points, by the mode of representation. The ravings of strong passion, and the accents of love and pity, may be partially assisted by recitative and musical accompaniment; but minor beauties and colloquial graces, which form many of the links between tenderness and powerful

expression, are in a great measure lost in the representation.

The new opera, "*I Selvaggi*," or the Savages, contains in its construction more of interest than is generally found in Italian operas, and its fable is less obscured by the impediments we have already noticed. The story is borrowed from "Les Incas" of Marmontel, a work to which many of our playwrights have been indebted.

In a contest with a party of the Indians, Gonzalvo, the son of Davila, the Spanish general, is made captive, and conveyed by them to their retreat, where, after being treated with great humanity for several months, he is allowed to return to his father. Davila endeavours to extort from his son the clue to their haunts, but, not succeeding, he banishes his son; who, returning to his Indian friends, is traced in his journey by the father. The Indians are then discovered, attacked, and defeated, and their habitations destroyed; but the sternness of the Spanish general at last relents, he makes a peace with the Indians, and, as a proof of his sincerity, unites his son in marriage with Amazillitia, the daughter of a cacique.

The music of this opera possesses the merit of being well adapted, and its character is very dramatic; it displays more judgment and tasteful selection than strong originality. The air, "*Ah! perchi mio caro ben*," is extremely beautiful, and lost none of its merit by the fascinating execution of Madame Sessi. We were much pleased with "*O sacro vinculo!*" a very fine canon, well sung, but rather overpowered by the accompaniment. In the second act, the quartetto "*Non che spavento il fato*," sung as a glee without the accompaniments of the orchestra, received a tumultuous encore. The overture possesses but little claim to notice, not being remarkable for either fault or beauty. Signor Liverati is the composer of the music: we are strangers to his name in this country, but this opera is evidently the production of taste and science.

The theatre has closed for the season with Winter's fine opera, "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*," revived by M. Armand Vestris for his benefit, and for the purpose of introducing his wife in the character of Proserpina. This lady is, we understand, a granddaughter of the celebrated engraver Bartolozzi, whose goodness of heart and splendid talents were an honour to this country. Madame Vestris possesses a fascinating person and intelligent countenance. Of her first appearance we think favourably: her voice possesses much sweetness and taste, and graceful expression are the attributes of her family. The duet, "*Vaghi colli*," with Madame Sessi, who performed Cerere, delighted even those who remember the enchanting effect produced by the matchless talents of Mrs. Billington and Madame Grassini. The opera is throughout a noble effort of musical genius.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF THE PRESS.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS of the Life of the late Rev. Richard Price, LL.D. F.R.S. By Wm. Morgan, F.R.S. 8vo. 6s.

An Authentic Account of the late Mr. Whitbread; consisting of Facts and Anecdotes relating to his latter Days and Death, developing the causes which led to that deplorable event: with the genuine Report of the Inquest, now first published, taken in Short-hand. By Francis Phippen, the only Reporter pre-

sent at the sitting of the Inquest held in Mr. Whitbread's house. Including a brief Memoir of his Life; illustrated by a fac-simile Engraving of his Handwriting and Autograph, from a Document in the possession of the Publisher. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

Albin's (Spalding, Lincolnshire); Part II. 6d.

J. Rodford (Hull); 1s.

CRITICISM.

The Quarterly Review, No. XXV. 6s.

Museum Criticum; or, Cambridge Classical Researches. No. V. 5s.

DRAMA.

Fazio: a tragedy. By H. H. Millman. B.A. fellow of Brasen-nose College. 8vo. 4s.

Styles's Essay on the Stage. 12mo. 6s.

The Golden Glove; or, the Farmer's Son: a comedy, in five acts. With some Poetical Sketches on occasional Subjects. By John Lake, author of the House of Morville, a play, acted some time since at the Lyceum Theatre. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

The New Latin Primer; or, a Companion to Latin Grammars. By Joseph Guy, jun.

Condorcet on Arithmetic. 12mo. 3s.6d.

The Lancasterian and Dr. Bell's Plan of Education improved, in which their excellencies are united and evils avoided. By W. Maseley, author of the Memoir on the Importance and Practicability of translating the Scriptures into the Chinese Language, and circulating them in that vast Empire. 1s.

An Introduction to Geography. 6d.

The Elements of Arithmetic, edited for the use of Schools. By Wm. Jaques, private teacher. 4s.

Dartmouth Parsonage; a Tale for Youth. Second edition. 5s.

FINE ARTS.

The Marquis of Stafford's Collection of Pictures; with Descriptions. Part VIII. containing seventeen subjects. By W. Y. Ottley, esq. F.S.A. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Picturesque Delineations of the Southern Coast of England. Engraved by W. B. Cooke and G. Cooke, from original Drawings by J. M. Turner. Part V. 12s.

Twelve Plates to illustrate the Poems of the Right Hon. Lord Byron. Engraved by Charles Heath, Engleheart, Finden, and Rhodes, from original Drawings by Stothard. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Compendium of Geography, for the Use of Schools, Private Families, and those who study this necessary Science. By Richmal Mangnall. 12mo. 9s.

A Map of the World, on a large Sheet, exhibiting at one View the Extent, Religion, Population, Civilization, &c. of each Country. By J. Wyld. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY.

A Chronological Abridgment of the History of England, its Constitution and Laws, from the Norman Conquest to the Revolution in the Year 1688. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Historical Account of the Episcopal See and Cathedral Church of Salisbury. By Wm. Dodsworth. Royal 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.

LAW.

Jickling's (Nicholas) Digest of the Laws of the Customs. Royal 4to. 5l. 5s.

Law of Evidence; by S. M. Phillipps, esq. Second edition. 8vo. 15s.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, No. XLIII. 3s.

MISCELLANIES.

Tributes of the Public Press to the Memory of the late Mr. Whitbread; being the Memorials and Characters of that eminent Man, which have appeared in the different Journals since his lamented Death. 8vo. 1s.

A Treatise on the Economy of Fuel and Management of Heat, especially as it relates to Heating and Drying by means of Steam. By Robertson Buchanan, civil engineer. 8vo. 18s.

A Narrative of the late Mr. W. D. Sandys, of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. 2s.

Chemical Essays on various Subjects, principally relating to the improvement of the Arts and Manufactures of the British Dominions. By Samuel Parkes, F.L.S. 5 vols. 18mo. 2l. 2s.

Memoirs of an Old Wig. Post 8vo. 7s.

Murray's Official Navy List, for August. 1s. 6d.

The Annual Register, for the Year 1814. 16s.

New Annual Register, for the Year 1814. 1l.

Longitude; by Thomas Myers, A.M. 8vo. 16s.

Observations on the Writings and Character of Gray. By T. J. Mathias. Crown 8vo. 7s.

Cobbett's Parliamentary History, Vol. XXV. Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Treatise on Horses. By Wm. Flint. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Yorkshire Farriery. By John Tindall. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Annals of Orlingbury. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Naples and the Campagna Felice. Royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology. By Wm. Phillips. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Memoir of the Conquest of Java. By Major Wm. Thorn. 4to. 3l. 3s.

Literary and Scientific Pursuits in the University of Cambridge. By — Wainewright. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Dry Rot, with Methods of Prevention and Cure. By A. Bouden, of the Navy Office; dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. Lord Melville. 8s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By the Rev. Wm. Kirby, B.A. F.L.S. and Wm. Spence, esq. F.L.S. Vol. I. 8vo. 18s.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Vathek: in the original French. By Mr. Beckford.

Barozzi; or, the Venetian Sorceress: a Romance. By Mrs. Smith. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Celebrity; or, the Unfortunate Choice: a Novel. By Mrs. Pilkington. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

The Discontented Man; or, Love and Reason: a Novel. By A. F. Holstein. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

POETRY.

Poems, by Wm. Cowper, of the Inner Temple, esq. Vol. III. Containing his posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life, by his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D. Rector of Yaxham, with Welborne, in Norfolk.

The Feudal Hall. By Agrestis. 8vo. 4s.

Monthermer. By Edward Quillinan, esq. of the Third Dragoon Guards. 8vo. 9s.

Cunningham's De Rance. 8vo. 6s.

Herbert's Helga. 8vo. 12s.

RELIGION.

Messiah's Advent; or, Remarks on the Moral Tendency of the Doctrine of Christ's Manifestation in the Flesh. By Samuel Chase, M.A. 10s.—6s.

Discourses on the Evidence of the Jewish and Christian Revelations; with Notes and Illustrations. By Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, bart. D.D. F.R.S. Edinburgh. 12s.

Sermons on Subjects chiefly Practical. By the Rev. John Jebb, A.M. Rector of Abington, in the Diocese of Cashell. 10s.

Practical Sermons for every Sunday in the Year. Vol. III. and last. 5s. 6d.

A Letter to Philo, in Answer to his Objections against an Essay on Faith and Works. By the Rev. James Beresford, A.M. 2s.

A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich, on some Passages in the Reports of two Speeches said to have been addressed by his Lordship, in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, to the Church Missionary Association and the Auxiliary Bible Society. By Robert Forby, M.A. Rector of Fincham in Norfolk. 3s.

A Third Address to Persons calling themselves Unitarians.

Twelve Lectures on the Prophecies relating to the Christian Church, preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, from the Year 1811 to 1815. By Philip Allwood, B.D. 2 vol. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

The Church in Danger: a Letter to the Earl of Liverpool. By the Rev. Richard Yates, B.D. F.S.A. 8vo. 5s.

Essays, Religious and Moral. Crown 8vo. 7s.

Serle's Christian Parent. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Sermons, by John Jebb, A.M. 8vo. 10s.

On Christian Baptism. By the Rev. Micaiah Towgood. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Sermons on the most important Subjects, by the late Rev. J. Andrews, vicar of Marden, Kent, chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Dorset, and author of the Scripture Doctrine of Divine Grace. Second edition. 9s.

A Guide to the Reading and Study of the Holy Scriptures, with an illustrative Supplement, by Augus. Hermen Franck. Translated by Wm. Jaques. Second edition. 5s. 6d.

An old Smoaker's Reasons for breaking his Pipe; humbly submitted to the Consideration of his younger Brethren in the Christian Ministry. Second edition, with additions. 3d.

SLAVE TRADE.

On the Slave Trade, and on the Slavery of Blacks and of Whites. By a Friend of Men of all Colours. Translated from the original French of M. Gregoire, formerly Bishop of Blois. 3s. 6d.

Reasons for the Establishing of a Registry of Slaves in the British Colonies; being a Report of a Committee of the African Institution. Published by order of that Society. 3s.

Special Report of the Directors of the African Institution, made at the Annual General Meeting, on the 12th of April, 1815, respecting the Allegations contained in a Pamphlet entitled a Letter to Wm. Wilberforce, esq. &c. by R. Thorpe, esq. &c. 3s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Lichtenstein's Travels in Southern Africa, in 1803-4-5 and 6. Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 16s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

IN LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, TASTE, AND THE ARTS;

Including NOTICES of NEW WORKS in the Press, or preparing for Publication.

DR. CROTCH'S LECTURES ON MUSIC, CONCLUDED.—In his ninth lecture Dr. Crotch considered the opera overtures of Gluck, Martini, Gretry, Piccini, Cherubini, and Mozart. He was of opinion that opera music had not declined till lately, and that under the masters just named, particularly Mozart, it had attained the highest perfection. Gluck's best production, Dr. Crotch thought, was his overture to Iphigenia; and that Martini's celebrated overture to Henry the IVth fully deserved the high commendations which it had always received. He observed, that it must have produced a very powerful effect when played in the band at Paris, which was the finest in Europe at the period when this overture was written. It contains an air said to be composed by the great Henry himself. Gretry contributed to bring the French opera music to higher perfection and distinction than it had before attained; his works contained invention and brilliancy, and he greatly improved the music for the ballet. Piccini was the composer of nearly three hundred overtures, which, however, Dr. Crotch looked upon as generally slight productions, not excepting his celebrated overture to *La Buona Figliola*. Cherubini, whose works had lately reached and become celebrated in this country, he considered as exhibiting much science and originality, and particularly distinguished his overture to Anacreon, which had lately been excellently performed at the Phil-harmonic Concerts: he observed, however, that his pieces required the aid of a full band to produce the proper effect. As an opera composer, Dr. Crotch was of opinion that Mozart stood pre-eminent and without a superior: he excelled equally in the vocal and instrumental departments, and in both was unrivalled in fancy, variety, and skill, and in brilliancy and effect. Haydn admitted him to be his superior in opera music; and consequently, said Dr. Crotch, he was the greatest of all composers in that department. Dr. Crotch made several remarks tending to shew that it was a frequent practice to compose the overture after the songs and other music of the opera, a practice which he seemed not to approve.—Dr. Crotch's tenth and concluding lecture was devoted to the works of Haydn, whom he considered as the most extraordinary composer of modern times. His prevailing style, Dr. Crotch conceived, is the ornamental, in which he excels all other composers; and is eminently successful in the production of instrumental effect, which, indeed, was his constant aim and endeavour: sublimity and beauty are but transient in Haydn's compositions. His oratorios are composed in a style totally different from all other works of the same kind; they are by no means the best of his works, and are written in a style better adapted and more appropriate to the serious opera than to the oratorio. Novelty, however, will always have its admirers; and his oratorios have been highly extolled, though opinions have been long divided on their merits, and they are decreasing in estimation. The Creation, though possessing great beauties, exhibits many instances of injudicious attempts at imitation: the sun and moon are heard to rise, the unweildiness of elephants, and the roarings and discordant cries of animals, are described. The Seasons also contain still more evident marks of want of taste and judgment; as cocks crowing, showers of hail and rain falling, &c. These, and other instances of false taste to be found in Haydn's oratorios, Dr. Crotch considered as a subject of surprise in a composer otherwise so eminent, and in an age when taste and judgment had become so general and refined. Some of Haydn's Masses had been lately brought into this country: Dr. Crotch allows them to possess great merit, at the same time that they are composed too much in the opera or ballet style. Haydn did not compose many operas; neither does his fame rest on them, nor on his vocal productions; though many of them, Dr. C. thought, possessed much skill, beauty, and expression, and, among others, particularised his canzonets—the Mermaid, My Mother bids me bind my Hair, &c.—in most of which, however, Dr. Crotch thought that the accompaniments were made too principal; observing that, generally speaking, there should never be more than one principal or leading part, only one air or subject. This redundance arose from Haydn's desire and fondness

for instrumental effect, which, however, sometimes tended to destroy it, particularly by his giving too prominent parts to the wind instruments, and his too constantly employing all the instruments. It was, nevertheless, as an instrumental composer, the lecturer thought, that Haydn stands pre-eminent; that he excelled in every thing of the kind that he attempted. His piano-forte sonatas are most skilful, elegant, fanciful, and effective productions; and his quartets Dr. Crotch considered as most masterly and complete compositions: the parts were all well sustained, and, like his other works, were well calculated to shew the powers of the various instruments, with all of which Haydn was intimately acquainted. But it is his concert symphonies and overtures which have secured his lasting fame:* the lecturer considered them as far excelling, in instrumental effect, every other production of the kind, in the spirit and grandeur of the first movements, the sublimity of the adagios, and in the general brilliancy, gaiety, variety, and originality of the trios, minuets, and allegros. The noble effect of the first movements may, perhaps, sometimes make the succeeding more simple, though spirited, divisions seem light and trifling: this, however, arises from the customary, and perhaps injudicious, arrangement of the various parts of compositions of this description, and was productive of an effect similar to that produced by seeing a farce acted after a serious drama: like them, however, the parts are independent of each other, though performed in succession, and should not be confounded with each other. These compositions of Haydn were not in general well calculated for the piano-forte, though some of them had been arranged for that instrument. Where all were equally excellent, the lecturer observed, selection or preference was difficult: he, however, gave the sixth overture as a distinguished specimen.† Upon the whole, the symphonies and overtures of Haydn induced Dr. Crotch to consider him as the greatest of all instrumental composers.—In concluding his course of lectures, Dr. Crotch observed that, though many might differ from him in his judgment or estimate of their favourite composers, his opinion was not the result of prejudice or caprice, but formed upon the application of principles and rules which he had endeavoured to elucidate, as exemplified in the practice of the greatest masters, and applicable to music in common with all the fine arts, and by which he formed his opinion of the merits or defects of the works he had reviewed. Upon these principles it was that he esteemed Bird, Purcel, and Handel, as pre-eminent in the sublime style; Sebastian Bach as the most learned and scientific of composers; Hasse and Pergolesi for their general beauty and elegance; Scarlatti, Mozart, Haydn, and others, as excelling in the ornamental style; and finally, as uniting the greatest variety of excellence in all the styles and higher departments of music, the greatest master of all was Handel.

* It is not, perhaps, generally known that it is those fine compositions which are played almost constantly between the acts at our theatres royal, amidst noise and confusion, to the inattentive audience.

† It should have been observed before that Dr. Crotch gave specimens in each lecture, which he performed on a grand piano-forte, it is needless to add, in a most masterly style.

Ancient Manuscripts.—The unrolling and explanation of the manuscripts found in Herculaneum are pursued with much industry by Messrs. Rosini, Scotti, and Pesette: they have, under the patronage of the government, published some fragments of a Latin poem upon the war between Mark Anthony and Augustus, and a considerable portion of the second book of Epicurus upon Nature. The above gentlemen do not despair of finding the whole treatise of this author. There has been also committed to the press a moral work of Pisistratus, the celebrated disciple of Epicurus; likewise some fragments of Colote upon the Lycidias of Plato, and of Caniscuo upon Friendship.

Count Rzewuski, of Vienna, is said to have in his possession an Arabic manuscript, written in the time of the crusades, which records some curious particulars relative to the use of gunpowder in war, &c.; and which also contains a genuine receipt for the Greek fire.

Among the precious MSS. of the Oriental library of Monte Cassino, which may be considered as the cradle of sciences and letters, after the barbarism which followed the destruction of the Roman empire, there has just been found a Greek MS. of Appolonius Evander, the nephew of Appolonius of Rhodes. Among other important objects which this MS. contains, is a very detailed account of the eruption of Vesuvius, in the reign of Titus.

Astonishing Natural Phenome-

NON.—On the 27th of August last, while the Majestic, Captain HAYES, was cruising off Boston, a strange figure was perceived in the eastern horizon, about two o'clock in the morning, which, as the sun rose, gradually became more distinguishable, and at length assumed the perfect appearance of a man, dressed in a short jacket and half-boots, with a staff in his hand, at the top of which was a colour hanging over his head, marked with two lines perpendicularly drawn at equal distances, and strongly resembling the French flag. The figure continued visible as long as the rays of the sun would permit it to be looked at.—On the 28th, the figure displayed itself in the same posture, but rather broken. On the following morning it seemed entirely disjointed, and faded into shadow, until at last nothing more could be seen than three marks on the sun's disk. Captain Hayes, his officers, and about 200 of the crew, witnessed the spectacle, both with the naked eye and through glasses.—In superstitious times such a phenomenon would have been construed into a providential warning or ominous token of some unexpected event! in this enlightened age, however, it may be easily accounted for by the reflective power of the atmosphere, which is well known to be wonderful. Most probably the figure represented was some one ashore, or on the deck of the Majestic.

There is now on the sun's disk the most extraordinary configuration of maculæ, or spots, that ever was seen: they present, when viewed through an astronomical or inverting telescope, the exact resemblance of the figures 28. If viewed through an erect telescope, they will of course appear inverted, but equally distinct: the 2, in particular, is perfectly formed.—Spots have frequently appeared of a circular or spherical figure, resembling small planetary bodies, on the sun's disk; but this is probably the first instance, in the memory of man, of their being arranged so as to describe any known figure of varied form, and it affords a pretty strong proof that these maculæ are not re-appearances of the same objects, as some have conjectured.

LIGHTNING.—As the society of change ringers were ringing a bob-major, in honour of a wedding, on the musical peal of eight bells at the borough of Walsell, near Birmingham, a ball of lightning entered the tower at the belfry-sound window; took its direction down the iron rod into the ringing chamber; there made an explosion as loud as a six-pounder, completely electrifying the performers, and knocked down Mr. James Hodgkins at the seventh bell; and made its way through the east wall, five feet thick, into the body of the church; then disappeared without any further damage. The ringers fled in all directions, leaving the bells swinging, and poor Hodgkins to their mercy. He lay some time on the floor; and, when the ringers recovered from their fright, and ascended the tower, they saw their seventh man seated, recovering from the severe shock.

WATER SPOUT.—On Wednesday morning, the 21st June, at a quarter before ten o'clock, an extremely heavy shower of rain fell for a few minutes in Brompton, Chatham, and Rochester, to which last place it appears to have been almost exclusively confined; immediately after the rain, a light vapour appeared to descend from some very dark clouds, suspended over the river Medway opposite to Upnor Castle, which gradually assumed a conical appearance, and kept approaching the surface of the river until a smaller cone began to rise therefrom, shaped like an inverted funnel, and which nearly joined the upper one, when the lower cone suddenly subsided, and the upper cone became considerably elevated: there appeared an extraordinary motion in the upper cone, like that of smoke impelled by a strong current of air; it seemed to be suspended diagonally from the clouds, of which it appeared to form a part; and the point attracted the clouds towards it from a considerable distance on either side, which descended in small streams with considerable velocity, and appeared to be sucked in as if by an irresistible vortex. The whole appearance was extremely beautiful, and nearly transparent. The vapours seemed to ascend in the cone with a strong rotatory motion; the length of the tube gradually diminished, and it at last entirely disappeared amongst the surrounding clouds, which for a considerable time afterwards were strongly agitated like an immense mass of rolling smoke.

Two persons belonging to the Cambridge University printing-office called upon the professor of mineralogy, with specimens of what is vulgarly termed "petrified moss," said to have been found in a petrifying well near Coton. The professor has been to the spot; and, having no other means of communicating to the university, at this season, what he conceives to be the greatest natural curiosity of the county, he has desired the editor of a Cambridge paper to inform his readers that the said well is in all respects similar to the celebrated petrifying spring of Matlock in Derbyshire;

incrusting moss, rushes, &c. with a deposit of carbonated lime, so as to exhibit a beautiful reticular stalactite. Persons going from Cambridge are recommended for a guide to the cottage of Wm. Paulett, the first on the right, upon entering the village of Coton. The well is situated in a field belonging to Mr. Angier, who has given permission to this man to conduct strangers to the spot.

AMERICAN MUMMIES.—A piece of curious blanket made of bark and feathers, which enveloped a mummy found lately in a cave near Caney Fork, a branch of Cumberland river, in Tennesse, was recently presented to the Raleigh Museum, North Carolina. The mummies of an adult and a child were found in a copperas cave, in a good state of preservation. They were each deposited in a basket of neat wicker-work, first prepared for admission by having the knees drawn up and firmly strapped to the body; they were enveloped in four of these blankets, and the whole then wrapped in a bark mat. The features, which were well preserved, were not those of the Indians; the eyes were blue, and the hair fair. It is said that mummies preserved in the same way have been found in Mexico, and that specimens of the blankets, similar to these, have been deposited in Peal's Museum. —These facts may give rise to new and more probable conjectures concerning the people who constructed the fortifications to be seen in many parts of the western country.

MENDICITY.—During a late discussion in the House of Commons on the subject of Mr. M. MARTIN's plans for preventing mendicity, Mr. GEORGE ROSE stated that there were on the whole somewhat more than 15,000 persons in the metropolis, and its immediate neighbourhood, who subsisted by begging. The persons who had settlements in the metropolis or neighbourhood amounted to 6,690; of whom 4,150 were children, and 2,540 adults. There were besides 2,604 persons who had settlements in different parts of England; of whom 1,374 were adults, and 1,230 children. Of the persons who had no settlement in this kingdom, there was 5,310 Irish; of whom 3,273 were children, and 2,037 adults. The Scotch amounted to 504; of whom 309 were children, and 195 adults. The persons who had no settlement in any of these islands amounted to 177. The result gave nearly 6,000 adults, and 9,000 children. They were not all beggars by trade, but some were artificers who could earn 40s. a week when in health, but who were unprovided for when unable to obtain work. The result of his inquiry was, that if he allowed 3s. a-day to each (though he knew to an absolute certainty that many of them obtained considerably more), the total would make 328,000*l.* a-year for the adults only.

It appears, from the three registers of the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, that, as a consequence of their exemplary temperance and steady conduct, half of their born live to 47 years of age: whereas, Dr. PRICE tells us, that, of the general population of London, half of the born live only to 2½ years; and also that, among the Friends, 1 to 16 arrive to 80 years of age, but of the general population of London only 1 to 10.

The History of the most ancient and honourable Military Order of the Bath, from its first institution to the present time, with a Dissertation on Ancient Chivalry, is printing in two quarto volumes, illustrated by many engravings.

Mr. BANNANTINE is preparing for the press a volume to be entitled the Quintescence of Humour; being a collection of evanescent pleasantries in prose and verse, including many originals.

There is now in the press, and nearly ready for publication, in one volume, 12mo. price 5s. 6d. boards, a History of the House of Romanof, the present Imperial Russian Dynasty, from the earliest period to the time of Peter the Great; designed as an introduction to a History of the Life and Reign of that celebrated Monarch, and including the Russian history from the first accession of the family to the throne: by the author of the Ode to the Emperor Alexander, the Battle of Nevil's Cross, a metrical romance.

Mr. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, author of the History of Scottish Music, a Tour in Scotland, &c. is preparing a work to be entitled Albyn's Anthology, designed to connect the Scotch national music with historical events. The plan of this work having been laid before the Highland Society at their last meeting (3d July, 1815), they, after hearing Baron Norton, Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, and Mr. Graham Dalyell, resolved to patronise and encourage the work, and voted thirty guineas to Mr. Campbell towards defraying the expences that may be incurred in making the collection.

The Life and Campaigns of Field-Marshal Prince Blucher, translated from the German of General Gneisenau, Quarter-Master-General to Prince Blucher's Army, with considerable additions, by J. E. Marston, esq. of the Hamburgh-burger Guard, is in the press.

The Rev. JAMES GILCHRIST, author

of Reason the Arbiter of Language, has a work in the press entitled the Labyrinth Demolished, or the Pioneer of Rational Philology.

Mr. RICHARDSON will soon publish, in a quarto volume, Illustrations of English Philology, in a critical examination of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

The Rev. S. LYON is printing a Hebrew and English Grammar and Lexicon, in four volumes.

Dr. HALLIDAY, of Birmingham, is preparing for the press Observations on a Tour through certain Provinces of Eastern Russia; and he will soon publish Translations of Professor Frank's Illustration of the Doctrine of Excitability, and of Professor Roeschlaub's Exposition of the Causes of Diseases.

Speedily will be published Rhoda, a novel, in three volumes; by the author of Things by their Right Names, Plain Sense, &c.

Mr. J. MAN has in the press the Ancient and Modern History of Reading, illustrated by upward of twenty maps and prints.

An officer of the medical staff, who served in the late campaigns in Spain and Flanders, will soon publish a poem, of which the battles of Waterloo, Orthes, and Toulouse, will form the principal part.

The author of the Rejected Odes, and other pieces, has in the press Waterloo, an heroic poem, commemorative of that most glorious victory.

Baxteriana, a selection from the works of Baxter, by ARTHUR YOUNG, esq. is printing in a duodecimo volume.

A Compendium of Geography, for the use of schools and private families, and those who study this necessary science, by RICHMAL MANGNALL, in one volume, duodecimo, is in the press.

The Rev. W. L. BOWLES has in the press an Essay on the Original Sources of Error, which have led to the perversion of the pure word and plain sense of the Bible, from the Christian era to the present.

Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces, with Letters containing a comparative View of the mode of Living, Arts, Commerce, Literature, Manners, &c. of Edinburgh, at different periods, by the late WM. CREECH, will soon appear.

The Rev. W. M. STIRLING is preparing a historical and statistical work of the Priory of Inchmahone, in Perthshire, to be illustrated by engravings.

E. V. UTTERSON, esq. has in the press, in two small octavo volumes, Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry, all prior to the 17th century.

A Tour in Istria, Carniola, &c. in the spring of 1814, by an English merchant, will soon appear.

Speedily will be published a History of the Pestilential Disorder that broke out in the Province of Andalusia, in the year 1800; with a detailed account of the fatal Epidemics at Gibraltar, during the autumnal months of 1804, and at Cadiz in 1810 and 1813; to which are added, Observations on the Remitting and Intermitting Fever, as it appeared in the Military Hospitals at Colchester, after the return of the Troops from the Expedition to Zealand, in 1809. By SIR JAMES FELLOWES, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

Mr. ROBINSON BUCHANAN proposes to publish by subscription a Series of Practical Treatises on Mill-work, beginning with a Treatise on the Teeth of Wheels, which will contain the result of many years' inquiry and experience that have elapsed since he formerly published on this subject.—The same author has in the press a Treatise on Locomotive Machinery: Part I. on Machinery for propelling Vessels, especially Steam Boats; and Part II. on Steam Carriages.

Now preparing for publication the Life of James the Second, King of England, collected out of memoirs writ of his hand; also King James's Advice to his Son; and that Monarch's last Will, dated November 17, 1688. The whole to be edited, by order of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by the Rev. J. S. CLARKE, LL.D. F.R.S. historiographer to the King, chaplain of the household, and librarian to his Royal Highness.

The Military Costume of Europe, No. XVI. which has been delayed by the ill health of the editor, will now soon be ready for publication: among the other figures will be that of the Marquis of Anglesey in his military uniform as colonel of the 7th.

AMUSEMENTS, &c.—At this season of the year, when London loses all her fashionable residents and visitors, no new exhibitions are to be looked for. It will, therefore, be only necessary now to note the Theatres:—DRURY LANE closed the 13th ult. and COVENT GARDEN the 19th; the LYCEUM commenced its season the 15th, and the HAYMARKET the 17th ult. There are also now open ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, the CIRCUS, SADLER'S WELLS, and the ROYALTY Theatre, Goodman's Fields. VAUXHALL will close towards the end of this month.

FROM ROME, FIGURES IN WAX, No. 17, Pickett-street, Strand.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

O! World, thy slippery turns!—SHAKSPEARE.

WE live in times so productive of rapid political changes, that, should the world become comparatively settled during the existence of the individuals who compose the present generation, they will scarcely feel an interest in its insipid progression. In one little month France has been conquered, its ejected monarch restored, and the fallen *Odin* of his day made a captive by the most steady and determined of his foes. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on the subject of war, that Englishman must possess a mind as stagnant as Lethe who can contemplate the valour, skill, and energies of his countrymen, as displayed in the late awful conflict, without exhilaration, or who can regard the present high rank of his native land among nations, and not indulge sentiments of patriotism and pride. We must confess that the common routine of military detail possesses very few charms for us, and that we frequently read of *brilliant affairs* on all sides with scarcely any other sensation than that of compassion for suffering humanity; but the battle of Waterloo is so every-way honourable to the national character, so glorious in fact, and so decisive in consequence, we forget every thing theoretical and doubtful as to the necessity of the contest, and join heartily in the spontaneous exultation of the hour.

Great Britain is then, at last, the possessor of Napoleon Bonaparte—of that man whose name even his children have learned to associate with the idea of everlasting hostility. The general and eager question at this moment is, what is to be done with him?—a query it would be useless to canvass here, as it will most likely be decided before the present sentence is printed. The leading ministerial prints, however, are preparing the public mind for a courtesy towards him very opposite to the summary process of axe and gibbet they have been so strenuously recommending, and even seem to hold out the propriety of his being treated simply as a prisoner of war of more than ordinary importance. This will most likely be the case; for, whatever he may be in relation to Louis, with respect to Great Britain he is merely a vanquished man; and we cannot help suspecting that his surrender to us is a concerted scheme to save that curiously-situated monarch the danger of strong measures and the ignominy of weak ones. It is now, indeed, quite clear that, left to themselves, the French people would rather be governed by this extraordinary man than by his competitor; and, this admitted, it is only stultifying ourselves to affect extraordinary horror and surprise at his quitting a disguised prison to be their leader. In our time we have perused history with some attention, and have recently asked ourselves whether, among all the school-boy heroes of antiquity we have been taught to admire, there is one that would not have acted like Napoleon in quitting Elba for France, if enabled to do so. Unveiled as the internal disposition of the French people has been to us since that event, we think the question is answered, which, however, infers nothing against the policy of his safe disposal for the future. All the world will agree, that, if Louis is to govern France, Napoleon must be

taken care of for many years to come—possibly as long as he exists.

A month ago, at least three-fourths of the people of England would have considered the capture of Napoleon as implying a bed of roses for Louis, and an unqualified triumph over every species of opposition in France. How decidedly the reverse is the case need not be detailed. How, indeed, can a monarch become popular, whose way is pioneered by armies of foreigners, and who reigns by the conquest of his country! The striking inconsistency of his first measures with his previous proclamations clearly proves the unfortunate situation of this unhappy sovereign, who perceives that if he intends to reign he must not proffer pardon, but court acceptance; and that the only way to rescue himself from the odium of becoming the willing instrument of the dismemberment of his country, is to conciliate every interest which can assist him to oppose it. Nor can we understand why this very obvious policy should excite such an outcry against him as it has done, unless it was thought that, in gratitude for being made King of France, he should cease to be a Frenchman. It cannot be the interest of Louis to connect his restoration with sacrifices, however merited, that will wound the self-love of every individual in his kingdom—to disband the only armed force in France instead of bringing it over, and thus lay his country entirely at the mercy of the diplomacy of the allies. That, in a certain sense, France is conquered is undeniable; but whether a spontaneous movement in her population, her military and her assemblies, under the auspices of a rallying administration, would not produce her better terms than absolute acquiescence, is scarcely a question. A common sense of danger has more than once healed dissensions which have been thought incurable, and effected re-actions of the most formidable description; and, if a general sentiment of this kind is beginning to influence the king, the military, and the population of France, it is not invidious towards the allies to observe, that it is likely to produce better terms for that country than any other line of conduct whatever. The politics of the restored family certainly assume a something of this aspect at present; otherwise we cannot understand the necessity of Great Britain, in particular, being so earnest in reinforcement. Possibly the French armies which remain on foot are more effective than have been described, and more fighting is expected; or it may only be that the military occupation of a country like France, under every circumstance, requires immense numbers: certain it is there is no relaxation of exertion. In the mean time, whatever the French may suffer, either in the way of dismemberment, of contribution, or from the armies of their enemies, every one will agree that they have no appeal to Providence on the score of injustice—it is simply retribution. Regarding, as we do, the events of the last twenty-five years as the baleful consequences of ages of misgovernment and oppression, we are of opinion that, as politicians, as philosophers, and still more as Christians, it would be well if the sovereigns of Europe would overcome the usual inducements to revenge, and (having succeeded in their acknowledged object) keep the spirit of their professions in full view. According to present appearances, we scarcely expect them to be so forbearing; and, without advocating the French right to complaint in the least, we are truly sorry for it.

We cannot conclude our observations without adding, that one of the modes of retaliation and punishment

of French vanity, which seems called for by all parties, is the restitution of the curiosities and works of art which France has obtained by her victories. What a nation gains by conquest it may very properly lose by defeat; and in this view of the question the most impudent Parisian must be at a loss for an argument, should the requisition be made.—Admitting the above as absolutely undeniable, we may be allowed candidly to doubt whether the general utility of this magnificent collection, to the curious of all nations, will not be materially affected by its distribution. Separated and returned to their respective owners, nothing less than the tour of Europe will enable the artist, the amateur, or the man of science, to witness what a single visit to Paris will supply at present. To the English student, in particular, the difference will be essential, since to him the distance of the French capital is trifling. More than this, and we are sorry to say it, there is no other nation so happy in its arrangements for the gratification of general curiosity as the French. Our own Museum is absolutely sacrificed to the principle which so generally pervades British establishments, that of making offices as nearly approach to sinecures as possible. In this single view, but certainly in no other, the distribution of French pillage may be lamented. The British artist and man of science may accomplish a trip to Paris, while the tour of Europe is in the power of few of any class; but whether considerations of this kind will, or ought, to operate on the present occasion remains to be decided. With respect to the votaries of the fine arts, in particular, we are almost certain they will be inclined to leave the contents of the gallery of the Louvre with its present possessors.—*July* 22.

LONDON INTELLIGENCE: INCLUDING MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS, &c.

BULLETIN of the King's Health.—"*Windsor Castle, July* 1.—The King has passed the last month in uniform tranquillity, and his Majesty continues in good bodily health, but without any diminution of his disorder.

Wednesday, July 12th, the Prince Regent went in state to the House of Lords, when, after an address from the Speaker of the House of Commons, his Royal Highness, from the throne, delivered a speech to both Houses of Parliament: lamenting the continuance of his Majesty's indisposition; stating that the hopes of an uninterrupted peace had been disappointed by an act of violence and perfidy unparalleled in history; that the usurpation of supreme authority in France by Bonaparte had compelled his Royal Highness to employ the military resources of his Majesty's dominions, in conjunction with the allies, to prevent the re-establishment of a system which experience had proved to be the source of such incalculable woes to Europe; adverting to the splendid successes which had attended his Majesty's arms and those of his allies, particularly the glorious victory obtained at Waterloo by Field Marshals the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blucher, placing, in the space of fifteen days, Paris and great part of France in the military occupation of the allied armies; and pointing out the necessity that there should be no relaxation of exertions until he should be enabled, in conjunction with his Majesty's allies, to complete those arrangements which may afford the prospect of permanent peace and security to Europe. He thanked the House of Commons for the liberal provisions made for the services of the year; lamented the continuance and increase of public burthens, observing, however, the fruit of the great exertions that had been made, and that the best economy will be found to result from that policy which may enable us to bring the contest to the most speedy termination. His Royal Highness then adverted to the restoration of the kingdom of Naples to its ancient sovereign; his

most Christian Majesty's restoration; peace concluded with the United States of America, and a negociation now pending for a commercial treaty; and that the labours of the congress at Vienna were concluded, and a treaty signed.

General Picton.—On Monday the 10th ult. the remains of this distinguished officer were conveyed from his house in Edward-street, Portman-square, and deposited in the family vault, in the burial-ground belonging to St. George's, Hanover-square, on the Uxbridge-road. A great concourse of people assembled to witness the impressive scene. The following was the inscription on the coffin:—"Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas Picton, aged 57, K.C.B. who at the great and decisive battle fought at Waterloo, in Flanders, on the 18th of June, 1815, between the French army, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte in person, and the English army, commanded by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, fell gloriously, as (according to the words of the Gazette account, and in the words of the illustrious chief,) leading his division in a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was defeated."

Weep for the brave—yet wherefore weep?
On honour's bed he laid him down,
Distinguished 'mid the mighty heap,
Encircled with the hero's crown.
Weep for the brave! the tear shall tell,
Beyond the sculptor's proudest art,
Tho' Picton, gallant Picton, fell,
He lives enshrin'd in England's heart.

—On Lieut.-General Picton relinquishing the government of Trinidad, the inhabitants of that settlement voted him 5000*l.* as a testimony of their esteem. Some months after, a dreadful fire laid the capital in ashes; a subscription was opened for the relief of the sufferers, and General Picton eagerly seized the opportunity of appropriating the 5000*l.* to that object!

A general meeting was held at the City of London Tavern, on the 28th of June, which was attended by a great number of merchants, bankers, and others, to consider of the propriety of a public subscription for the relief of the sufferers and their families in the late actions. Mr. Baring was in the chair. *Honest Jack Fuller*, late member for Sussex, threw in his mite of two hundred guineas, "by way of beginning," and in a quarter of an hour 5000*l.* were subscribed.

The subscribers to Lloyd's have directed that 10,000*l.* in consols should be given from their funds, in aid of the subscription.—The Bank of England have subscribed 5000*l.*; the East-India Company, 5000*l.*; the Corporation of London, 2000*l.*; the members of the Stock Exchange, 2762*l.* 15*s.*; and there was a free representation at the King's Theatre for the same benevolent object. The subscriptions have already amounted to 87,000*l.*

A meeting for the same benevolent purpose took place, of noblemen and gentlemen, at the Thatched House Tavern, the Duke of York in the chair; when a large sum was immediately subscribed. The amount was 11,000*l.*

At Edinburgh, on the 27th June, was held a similar meeting, numerously attended, and where a large subscription immediately took place; and the committee, consisting of a great number of noblemen, judges, and gentlemen, declared their determination to go personally to every house to solicit subscriptions, and receive the smallest sums: besides boxes being placed in different parts to receive the mites of those who do not choose to be known. Throughout the kingdom meetings of the same description are holding. The sum so raised cannot, therefore, fail being very great, and effectual for the benevolent relief intended.

The committee and treasurers of the Patriotic Fund, established at Lloyd's in 1803, have submitted to the subscribers and the public a summary of the transactions and state of that munificent and voluntary public subscription. In twelve years the subscription, with the accumulation of interest in the public funds, has amounted to 343,450*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*—out of which gratuities and relief have been distributed to more than 18,000 widows, children, and relatives of the killed, and to wounded and disabled seamen and soldiers. The wounded and the relatives of the killed during the recent conflicts in America, being together nearly 6000 in number, have not yet preferred their claims; but 63,000*l.* remain for these and for other outstanding claims.

The life guards, in consequence of their gallant behaviour at Waterloo, are to have rank the same as the foot guards.

The brevet promotion is to be brought forward immediately, by which the lieutenant-generals of 1803 will be made generals (this will include the Marquis of Anglesea); the major-generals of 1810 will be made lieutenant-generals; and the colonels of 1813, major-generals.

This will be followed by a brevet promotion of the East-India army.

A circular has been issued from the war-office, ordering that an allowance of 5s. a-day be made to every officer whilst marching with his regiment, or any detachment thereof.

The cabinet ministers, the judges who are of the privy council, and all the crown lawyers, were summoned on Monday, July 2, to take into consideration the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland; when they came to the determination that it was necessary the royal duke should be re-married in this country.

The Earl of Elgin has at length completed the sale of his fine collection of antique statues, &c. to the trustees of the British Museum.

When Lord Castlereagh was embarking at Dover, on his mission to the new congress, he slipped in passing from one boat to another, and was nearly drowned. He was a considerable time in the water, and was rescued with difficulty.

The Emperor Alexander has presented two swords, supposed to be the richest and the most splendid ever seen, to the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blucher.

Caution.—A lady of Manchester (Mrs. Sophia Parnell) lately died by eating a cucumber raised by copper-sheet reflectors, which put a period to her life in the short space of three hours.

Lord Cochrane paid his fine of 1000*l.* and was in consequence released from his imprisonment in the King's Bench prison. His lordship immediately proceeded to the House of Commons, where he took the usual oaths and his seat, and, voting upon the question of the proposed grant to the Duke of Cumberland, caused the majority of *one* against it:—so that his lordship, after *paying* one thousand pounds to the crown, has *saved* six thousand pounds a-year to his country!—His lordship has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons against Lord Ellenborough, for his conduct on the trial.

As Mr. Poole, a farmer of Blagdon, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, was digging in a field, the spade struck against a hard substance, which proved to be a military chest, containing Portugal gold coin, Louis-d'Or's, &c. to the estimated value of 20,000*l.* It is conjectured that this treasure has been concealed ever since the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685.

A hazardous Adventure.—The spire of Kegworth church being out of repair, the churchwardens, apprehending danger, agreed with Mr. W. Wootton, sen. to secure the same, which stands about fifty-five yards above the surface of the earth. On the 28th of April last, he and his son raised ladders four feet above the fane of the steeple; and at two o'clock on the same day, at that wonderous height, they played, on the horn and clarionet, "God save the King," and other pieces; after which, Mr. W. sen. who is in the 60th year of his age, with the consent of his son, aged 35, called for his grandson, who has not yet attained his 6th year, to climb the amazing steeple, and to take the weathercock down, which weighs about 6lb. The boy obeyed the order, and with steady step ascended and descended, to the astonishment of the spectators.

There is now a man of fashion, in Vienna, actually sweeping the streets, with an iron collar around his neck! No individual was better known in the higher circles, particularly in private masquerades: his crime was forgery on the government bank.

The following are the receipts of the house on the benefits of some of the principal performers at Covent Garden:—Miss O'Neill's night, about 650*l.*; Mr. Jones's, 600*l.*; Mr. Young's, 500*l.*; Miss Foote's, 500*l.*; Mr. Emery's, 500*l.*; Mr. Incledon's, 450*l.*; Mr. and Mrs. Liston's, 400*l.*; Miss Stephen's, 300*l.*

On Thursday, the 13th ult. Drury Lane Theatre closed for the season; when Mr. Raymond read an address, in which, after a just tribute to the memory of Mr. Whitbread—thanks to the public for their liberal patronage—a notice of the great exertions made to give *eclat* to the the theatre, and an assurance of their continuance, it was announced that the great and accumulating expences made it necessary to add sixpence to the first price of admission to the pit.—A Mr. Evans, from a box, wished to ask some questions of Mr. R., but that manager thought proper to retire. On this Mr. Evans addressed the audience, conjuring them to resist this imposition, and hoping the managers would not be mad enough to persist in a measure which might bring a renewal of the O. P. war, which for two months desolated Covent Garden.

A meeting was held on the 14th ult. of the committee and sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre; when Mr. Dibdin was appointed manager, and Mr. Rae stage-manager, *vice* Messrs. Arnold and Raymond, resigned.

Covent Garden Theatre closed on the 20th for the season. Mr. Fawcett addressed the audience, as usual, returning thanks for their patronage; at the same

time intimated that the proprietors would be under the necessity of raising the pit admission next season, from 3s. 6d. to 4s. which they asked as a boon only from the public. The proposition was received with great disapprobation: Mr. Evans spoke at considerable length in opposition to it; and, when the farce proceeded, it was all dumb shew—not a syllable could be heard. The boxes and pit amused themselves with shouts of "O. P." while the galleries sang "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," and several other patriotic airs. A great proportion of the audience remained long after the falling of the curtain.

Awful Calamity.—About nine o'clock at night, on the 14th, the neighbourhood of Spitalfields was thrown into the greatest terror by an explosion in the house of one Lichileau, in John-street, Brown's-lane. This was almost instantly succeeded by another, and an universal blaze was spread over the neighbourhood. The unhappy proprietor carried on the business of a hair-dresser, but was more generally known as a manufacturer of fireworks. In his house were deposited several barrels of gunpowder, which had exploded. Lichileau had but a few moments returned from a walk with his wife, with whom and his family he was just sitting down to supper when the dreadful event took place. The effects in his house was truly heart-rending; it was literally blown up from its foundation, and all its inmates, consisting of himself, his wife and sister, two other females (servants), a Mr. Oldham, and it is feared some others, were buried in the ruins. In the houses adjoining also, on either side, three or four more perished, and a number of persons in the neighbourhood were dreadfully hurt by the effects of the explosion. Huge beams of timber were tossed into the air, others carried an incredible distance over the tops of houses, while not less than from 200 to 300 habitations have been shook to a frightful degree.

On the morning of the 15th, a fire broke out at Cock-hill, Ratcliff, which destroyed above twenty houses.

On July the 15th occurred one of those dreadful catastrophes, the result of driving opposition coaches, the extent of which has so stunned the country with horror, that sober people, for a time, will not hazard their lives in those vehicles of fury and madness.—Two coaches that run daily from Hinckley to Leicester set out in the evening. The first, having descended the hill that leads to Leicester, was obliged to stop to repair the harness. The other coachman, from the top of the hill, saw the accident, and seized the moment to give his antagonist the *go by*, and immediately flogged his horses into a gallop down the hill. The horses contrived to keep on their legs, but in the midst of their speed took fright at something lying on the road, and became so unmanageable in the hands of a drunken coachman that, in their sweep to avoid the object of alarm, the driver could not recover them so as to clear the post of the turnpike-gate at the bottom of the hill, and the velocity was so great that in an instant the coach was split into two, and by the tremendous shock three persons were dashed to pieces and instantly expired, and two others survived but a few hours afterwards in the greatest agony; four were conveyed away in chaises, for surgical aid, with fractured limbs; and two that were in the dicky behind were thrown, with that part of the coach, to a great distance, and not much hurt by falling in the hedge. The coachman fell a victim to his fury and madness; but society has to lament the death of Miss Page, an amiable young Quaker lady, and her companion, who were returning from a visit in Warwickshire; the other two unfortunates are an officer's servant and a person of Hinckley. It is high time that the magistrates should put a stop to these outrageous proceedings, that have existed too long in this part of the country, to the great alarm of the inhabitants in the streets through which these coaches pass.

Melancholy Catastrophe.—The city of Chichester and its neighbourhood were, on the 7th instant, visited with a storm of wind, which was felt in many places, while others, between them, scarcely knew any thing of it: its course was from the W. or W.S.W.—Colonel Poyntz, of Cowdray Park, being on his return to land at Bognor, in his yacht, accompanied by his two sons, the two Misses Perry, of Titchfield, his nieces, a foreign gentleman (tutor to his sons), the boatman, and his son, was, within a mile of the shore, met by a stream of this extraordinary hurricane, which overset and sunk the yacht; and the whole party, with the exception of Colonel Poyntz and the boatman (who were with the greatest difficulty preserved), were drowned. The gloom of the public mind pourtrays how deeply Colonel Poyntz is commiserated, as well as Mrs. Poyntz, on this most severe stroke of Providence, to which the latter was an eye-witness from her drawing-room window!—Lord Mon-

tague, brother of Mrs. P., was drowned at the falls of Schaffhausen, Switzerland.

In the Court of King's Bench, Sampson *v.* Chambers and another, was an action arising out of the late corn bill riots, and was brought to recover, from the hundred of Ossulston, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, the sum of 54*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* being the amount of sums expended by the plaintiff in repairing injuries done by a mob on the night of the 7th of March last. Verdict for plaintiff, damages 54*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*—Sir John Sebright *v.* Kinsey and another, was an action of a similar nature with the last, to recover the amount of damage sustained by the plaintiff's house, from the like cause, and under like circumstances. The house was situated in Curzon-street, Mayfair, and in the occupation of the Right Hon. George Ponsonby. Verdict for plaintiff, damages 57*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*

In the Court of Exchequer, in Ireland, a lady has obtained a verdict, with 150*l.* damages, for slander in a letter, where he styles her "a pest of society," "a most terrible traducer," "a secret assassin," and "a writer of anonymous letters." The defendant brought several witnesses to prove that this was a pretty accurate description of the fair plaintiff: one of them described her as "a calumniator in the neighbourhood; another said "she was very free with her tongue;" and a third, that "she was a mischief-maker." The jury, however, probably thinking that they must not invade the exclusive right which the ladies have enjoyed immemorially of a free exercise of the tongue, visited the defendant in the way we have stated for having remonstrated against the licentious use of "that little unruly member, which no man can tame."

It has lately been proposed that iron should be used in the construction of casks instead of wood. To obviate the objection of rust, a coating has been invented; and, as one iron cask would last as long as ten wooden ones, the additional first cost of 40 or 50 per cent. would not be an objection.

Frantz Schams, an apothecary at Peterwardin, has discovered that the root of the Nymphæa Alba, which grows in large quantities in stagnant waters, is an efficacious substitute for gall-nuts, Campeachy wood, and other black dyes. It also affords a permanent and very reasonable species of ink.

Flower Shows.—On the 16th ult. the South-street Florist Society held their annual show of ranunculuses, at Mr. A. Stoddart's, in Durham: when Mr. J. Stoddart was 1st and 5th with Melange des Beauty and the Highland Laddy; Mr. J. Hall 2nd, with Aristides; Mr. N. Brown 3d and 4th, with Thompson's Queen and the Grand Monarch.—On the 3d inst. the said society held their show of pinks at the same place: when Mr. J. Herbert was 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th, with Reed's Duke of Portland, Lady Milbanke, Smith's Mistake, and Herbert's Prince Blucher, a seedling; Mr. J. Stoddart 2d, with Gold's Beauty.—On the 30th ult. the Ancient and Independent Florists of Gateshead held their annual show of pinks, at Mrs. Ann Trueman's: when Mr. Bates was 1st, with Smith's Mistake; Mr. Wilson 2d, with Sprat's Glory of Abingdon; Mr. Kenmore 3d, with Bell's Lord Strathmore; Mr. Lister 4th, with Maddock's Duchess of York; and Mr. Fawcett 5th, with Duke's Col. Longe.—The brethren of the St. Michael Pine Apple Lodge of Free Gardeners held their annual show of pinks on the 3d inst. at Brother Charlton's, Old Flesh-market, Newcastle: when Mr. Robert Green was 1st and 3d, with Boult's Princess Amelia and Maddock's Duchess of York; Mr. John Allen 2d, 4th, and 5th, with Duke's Colonel Laing, Smith's Mistake, and Smith's No. 41.—Friday se'nnight the Laygate Florist Society held their show of ranunculuses, at Mr. John Rowell's: when Mr. Jos. Grant was 1st and 5th, with Melange des Beauty and Avestus; Mr. Jos. Young 2d, with the Milk-maid; Mr. H. R. Rodham 3d, with Viscount Wentworth; and Mr. W. Willis 4th, with La Majesties.—On Tuesday last the Florists of South Shields held their show of pinks: when Mr. W. Blanchard was 1st and 2d, with Harry's King and Davies' Duchess of Devonshire; Mr. George Harland 3d, 4th, and 5th, with Davies' Lady Carlisle, Spratt's Glory of Abingdon, and Davie's Glory.

English Descendants in the South Seas.—The mutiny on board his Majesty's ship Bounty took place nearly thirty years since, under Captain Bligh (now rear-admiral), when on a voyage to carry the bread-fruit tree from Otaheite to the West-Indies. The mutineers were unheard-of for several years: at length, some accounts represented Christian, the ringleader of them, to be subsisting by piracy; but this was contradicted upon the authority of his family, who knew him to be dead at that time, 1804. By a frigate, which arrived lately from a cruise in the South Seas, the Admiralty have learned the extraordinary fact that one of the crew is existing upon an island in those seas, which had been hi-

therto thought uninhabited: he was found there, with a progeny amounting to forty, descendants of the crew, who had obtained companions of the other sex from one of the Otaheitan islands. The name of this man is John Adams: the original number of his companions is not stated, but Christian was one of them; and a son of his is now alive, whom Adams calls Thursday October Christian. The English language is spoken among all these demi-English inhabitants, who had been educated by their repentant fathers in the principles of Christianity. Adams said he had but seen one vessel, before the frigate, during his residence, and that was an American, which anchored off the island about six years since.

SURRENDER OF BONAPARTE.—On Thursday, the 20th instant (July), a telegraphic dispatch announced to the Admiralty the surrender of Napoleon Bonaparte and suite to Captain Maitland, of the Bellerophon; which important fact was confirmed the next day by the publication of the following extract in an Extraordinary Gazette:—

"*Foreign Office, July* 21.—A dispatch, of which the following is an extract, has been this day received from Viscount Castlereagh, dated Paris, July 17, 1815.

"Since closing my dispatches of this date, I have received the accompanying communication from this government:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that Napoleon Bonaparte, not being able to escape from the English cruisers, or from the guards kept upon the coasts, has taken the resolution of going on board the English ship Bellerophon, Captain Maitland. I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "Le Duc D'OTRANTE."

The Bellerophon has since arrived at Torbay, with Napoleon and suite, with whom no communication from the shore is allowed; nor will any visitors to the ship be admitted until the arrangements of government are completed. The principal persons embarked on board the Bellerophon with Napoleon Bonaparte are—Lieutenant-Gen. Count Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace; the Countess Bertrand, and her three children; Lieutenant-General the Duke of Rovigo; Lieutenant-General Lallemand; Marshal-de-Camp Baron Gourgaud, aide de-camp to Napoleon; the Marshal-de-Camp Montholon Somoville, aide-de-camp; the Countess Montholon, and her child; the Count de Las Cases, councillor of state, and his son; with seven other officers, and about forty more individuals, composing the whole of his suite.—The curiosity is so great to see Napoleon, that boats row round the Bellerophon all day to catch a glimpse of him as he walks the deck, which he does with his usual self-command and *sang-froid*.

The following has been given in the public prints as an extract from a letter written from the Bellerophon, and, if authentic, strongly exhibits the man:—

"*H.M.S. Bellerophon, July* 24.

"Bonaparte is quite at his ease on board this ship. He took possession of the captain's cabin, *sans ceremonie*; invited the officers of the ship to *his* table; talked with great freedom on the present state of things; said it was impossible for the Bourbons to govern France, and that Napoleon II. would very soon be called to the throne; and that Fouche was totally unfit for the office assigned to him. He acknowledged that England alone had ruined all his grand plans, and that but for her he had now been emperor of the east as well as of the west. He walked on the poop and quarter-deck, conversed with the seamen, and affected great gaiety and unconcern. In short, such is the talent of this "Child and Champion of Jacobinism," that before they arrived in Torbay he was considered by all on board as a *devilish good fellow*."

We hear that it has been finally determined to forward this extraordinary individual to St. Helena, and that Admiral Sir George Cockburn has been appointed to convey him there.

MARRIAGES.

At the Priory, Stanmore, the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K. T. to Viscountess Hamilton.

D. Terry, esq. of Covent Garden Theatre, to Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Nasmyth, esq. of Edinburgh.

At Queen-square chapel, the Rev. John Limebear Harding, of Arlington, Devon, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Goldie, of Goldie-Leigh, North Britain.

At St. James's, the Rev. F. Gardiner, M.A. rector of Combhay, and vicar of Wellow, to Mrs. Squire, relict of T. S. esq. late of Peterborough.

James Wheble, esq. of Woodley Lodge, Berks, to Miss O'Brien, eldest daughter of the late Major O'Brien.

Mr. John Kerby, bookseller, of Oxford-street, to Miss Calan, of Kentish Town.

Mr. John Boshell, wine and brandy merchant, Fore-street, Cripplegate, to Mary-Ann, second daughter of Mr. Shepherd, Holiwell.

At Lewisham, the Rev. Robert Jones, M.A. of St. John's College, chaplain at the Cape of Good Hope, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Rear-Admiral George Dundas.

At Kensington, Chas. Pittman Coppin, esq. R.N. to Anne Hussey, second daughter of John Plura, esq. of Bath.

The Rev. L. V. Vernon, third son of the Archbishop of York, to the Hon. Miss Peachey, daughter of the Earl of Selsey.

At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Nich. Geary, esq. of Stakes-hill, Wilts, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Jas. Freshfield, esq.

Sir Thos. Bernard, bart. to Charlotte Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Sir Edward Hulse, bart. of Breamore House, Hants.

Captain N. Bowden, R.N. to Miss Hawker, daughter of the Rev. Dr. H. of Plymouth.

Rev. Arthur Onslow, rector of Crayford, Kent, to Caroline, eldest daughter of James Mangles, esq. of Woodbridge, near Guildford.

Wm. Benett, esq. second son of the late Thos. Benett, esq. of Pyt House, Wilts, to Ellen, only daughter of T. Gore, esq. of South Audley-street.

J. H. Arnett, esq. of St. Dunstan's in the West, to Miss L. M. Goodwin, daughter of J. Goodwin, esq.

At St. Mary-le-bone, East, George Clayton, esq. second son of Sir Wm. Clayton, bart. to Marianne Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Bishop, esq. his Majesty's procurator-general.

At Westminster, Walter Cosser, esq. of Millbank-street, to Maria, second daughter of Cha. Boynton Wood, esq. of Up. John-street, and Hayes, Middlesex.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jas. Chamness Fyler, esq. second son of Sam. Fyler, esq. of Twickenham, to Mary, third daughter of Sir J. Frederick, bart. of Burwood Park, Surrey.

A. Godby, esq. of the General Post Office, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Jellicae, esq.

The Archduke Charles of Austria, to the Princess Henrietta of Nassau-Weilburg.

At Stutgard, the Crown Prince of Wirtemberg, to the accomplished Duchess Dowager of Oldenburgh.

H. Willoughby, esq. M.P. for Newark, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Archdeacon Eyre.

At South Molton, Thos. Coneybeer, esq. to Miss Hannah Thomas.

—— Brown, esq. banker, of Collumpton, Devon, to Miss Fisher, daughter of Mr. J. Fisher, of Dorchester.

Isaac Lovell, esq. of West Haddon House, Notts. to Catherine, youngest daughter of Robt. Faux, esq. of Cliff House, Leicestershire.

S. Solomon, M.D. of Gilead House, near Liverpool, to Miss Jane Martin.

W. Wastell, esq. to Louisa, youngest daughter of Sir Jonathan Miles.

Joseph, son of Robt. Ferguson, esq. of Carlisle, to Maria Isabella, daughter of the late J. Clark, esq. of Bedside House, Northumberland.

At Bristol, Captain Haynes, R.N. to Harriet, daughter of Thos. Oliver, esq. Park-street.—M. Fisher, esq. of Blandford, to Sarah, the second daughter of Mrs. Neale, Kingsdown.

Francis, eldest son of John Rogers, esq. of Yarlington Lodge, Somerset, to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Benj. Bickley, esq.

The Rev. Thomas Gaisford, M.A. regius professor of Greek, Oxford, to Helen, second daughter of the late Rev. R. Douglas, rector of Salwarp and Hampton Lovett, in Worcestershire.

Mr. Jonathan Wainwright, aged 24, to Mrs. Gregory, an accomplished widow of 75! being the damsel's sixth husband—the three former Scotchmen, and the three latter Englishmen!

At Stoke-upon-Trent, Geo. Johnson, esq. of Clifton, to Miss Booth, of Clayton, Staffordshire.

At Derby, Wm. Charles Fiack, of Cavendish-bridge, esq. to Mrs. Edwards, widow of the late N. Edwards, esq.

At Fareham, Hants, Henry Minchin, esq. to Miss Maitland, youngest daughter of the late D. Maitland, esq.

At Hampstead, C. Tickel, esq. of Southampton, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Thos. Padget, esq.

At Ferryfryston, Jos. Jackson, esq. of Fairburn, to Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Alderson, of Ferrybridge.

At Paris, Colonel Thornton, of sporting celebrity, to Priscilla, youngest daughter of R. Duins, esq. formerly of Plymouth Dockyard.

T. Chattock, esq. of Solihull, Warwickshire, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Prince, esq. of Bath.

Major-General W. Brooke, to Mary, second daughter of General Nicolls, of Lymington, Hants.

At Bath, Major-General Sir C. Wale, K.C.B. to Henrietta, eldest daughter, and Samuel Prest, esq. of Bristol, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Rev. T. Brent, of Croscombe, Somerset.

At Fordingbridge, Capt. Andrew Hamilton, 23d light dragoons, to Mary Rose, second daughter of the late Major-Gen. Andrew Hay.

At Boughton Malherb, Kent, Mr. G Matthews, of Charing, to Mrs. Sharp, widow, of Egerton. The bride actually crossed the road to the bridegroom *en chemise*, previous to tying the nuptial knot: the act of thus receiving her being supposed to exonerate the husband from becoming liable to any debts the lady may have incurred before marriage.

John White, esq. of Up-Cerne House, Dorset, to Harriet, youngest daughter of G. P. Upton, esq. of Yeovil.

Captain H. B. Mends, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Hugh Webb Bowen, esq. of Camrhos, Pembroke.

Wm. Clayton, jun. of Hangcliffe, to Miss I. E. Shafton, youngest daughter of the late Sir G. Shafton, bart. of Barrington, Northumberland.

Captain G. P. Murly, R.N. to Mary, daughter of Mr. Edw. Murly, of West Coker, near Yeovil.

Hon. Mr. Powlett, son of the Earl of Darlington, to Lady Caroline Lowther, daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.

At Carlow, Ireland, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ulysses Burgh, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, to Maria, only daughter of the late Walter Bagenal, esq.

Major Henry Shum, of the 6th dragoon guards, son of the late G. Shum, esq. M.P. for Honiton, to Letitia Anna, eldest daughter of Sir Thos. Forster, bart. of Tellaghan.

At Rosebank, Stirlingshire, John Hardie, of Leith, merchant, to Maria, daughter of James Henderson, esq.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Telles, esq. to Helen, daughter of the late Alexander Scott, esq. of Sinton.

At Ayr, Samuel Inglis Ellegood, esq. to Fanny, daughter of the late Colonel Limond, of the East-India Company's service.

Thos. Maitland, jun. of Dundrenan, esq. advocate, to Isabella Graham, daughter of the late James M'Dowall, esq. merchant in Glasgow.

DEATHS.

Major-Gen. John Crongey, Margaret-street, Hanover-square.

Wm. Turner, esq. of Teddington.

At his house in Stratford-place, Count Merveldt, Austrian ambassador at this court.

At Clifton, Henry Heertens, esq. late Dutch governor of the colony of Demarara.

Charles Emanuel, formerly King of Sardinia.

At Southampton, Thos. Hamilton, esq. vice-admiral of the blue, and late commissioner of his Majesty's navy.

At Chiswick, 88, Sam. Farrar, esq.

At Maidstone, John Stone, esq.

At Lancaster, the Rev. Lord Viscount Fauconberg, D.D. His lordship was formerly chaplain to the Portugnese ambassador, since which he has lived in seclusion with his sister and nieces. The title is extinct.

The Rev. Richard Williams, vicar of Oakham, Rutland.

At Bath, the Rev. John Mulso, of Twywell, Northamptonshire, and vicar of South Stoneham, Hants.

At Ely, the Rev. Thos. Waddington, D.D. prebendary of Ely.

At Canterbury, the Rev. Ed. Walsby, D.D. prebendary of that cathedral.

At Stukeley, the Rev. John Torkington, D.D. master of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

G. Fitzjohn, esq. of Baldock, Herts.

While leading his squadron to a charge on the French imperial guards, Major R. Christopher Packe, second son of C. J. Packe, esq. of Prestwould. The gallant major, who had three horses killed under him at the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, met with his death from a stab with the bayonet.

In Great Stanhope-street, after spending the preceding evening apparently in good health, Solomon Watson, esq. formerly of Clonmell, Ireland.

Charles Forster, esq. banker, of Walsall, senior member of the corporation, and an active magistrate for that place.

At Liverpool, George Goring, M.A. of Brazen-nose College, Oxford.

In consequence of falling from his horse in a fit, David Parry, esq. of Tyr-Cœd, Carmarthenshire; formerly a banker at Carmarthen.

Clement Tudway, esq. M.P. for Wells.

At Taunton, John Chappell, esq.

At Swindon, Ambrose Goddard, esq. formerly representative for Wilts during 35 years.

At Whitby, 78, Mr. Wm. Barker, who was a private in the army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, at the battle of Minden.

At Sherborne, 101, Christopher Sevil, formerly a well-known tinker.

John Simpson, esq. an eminent builder, of Belmont, Shrewsbury, who for some years had been engaged in forming the roads, bridges, and canals through the highlands of Scotland.

Rev. John Rendle, vicar of Widecombe in the Moor, Devon; author of the History of Tiberius, lately published.

At Putney, Robert Hankey, esq. governor of the London Assurance Corporation, 72.

John Neale, esq of Kempsey Lodget, Worcestershire.

At Torpoint, Miss Hall, daughter of the late Admiral Hall.

Lieut.-Gen. R. Tolson, of the East-India Company's service.

At Chester, the Hon. Mrs. Aston, relict of Col. Harvey Aston.

Col. Beaumont, of Crowmarsh, near Wallingford.

At Kempsey, Major-Gen. Jeffery Amherst, governor of Upton Castle, and colonel of the East Worcester Local Militia.

At Ludlow, Rich. Nash, esq.

Rear-Admiral Heath, of Fahan, co. Londonderry.

At Ogilvie Cottage, near Exeter, Wm. Harris, esq.

At Cheltenham, Wm. Lewis, esq. of Alderley.

Master King, of great celebrity in the musical world.

At Wargrave, Berkshire, Rich. Matthews, jun. esq.

The Rev. Baldwin Wake, rector of Riddlesworth, Norfolk, and uncle to Sir Wm. Wake.

Mrs. Frances Edgell, relict of H. Edgell, esq. of Standerwick-court, and sister to the late Lord Chief Justice Eyre.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Forbes, esq. of Sallander, 72, bequeathing the greatest fortune ever left in Scotland.—Lieut.-Col. James Grant, 60th foot.—George Somner, esq.

At Dumbarton, Mr. Paul Holland Searson, comedian. His death was occasioned by a severe fit of intoxication, brought on by an immoderate and improper joy, on receiving 1200*l.* from a near relation in the north of Ireland.

At Elderslie House, Miss C. F. Speirs, daughter of A. Speirs, esq. M.P. for Renfrew, and grand-daughter of Lord Dundas.

At Mersburgh, on the Lake of Constance, 81, Mesmer, the discoverer of animal magnetism.

In India, Wm. Cockburn Ross, esq. eldest surviving son of John Cockburn Ross, esq. of Shandwick.

At sea, on his passage home (*via* China), Hugh Munro, esq. of the civil service, Bombay, son of the late Gen. Sir Hector Munro, K.B.

At Breitenzorg, island of Java, G. A. Addison, esq. son of John Addison, esq. of Bengal, heir-at-law to the author of the Spectator.

Off Mobile, on board of his Majesty's ship Norge, Mr. Alexander Scott, midshipman, eldest son of Charles Scott, esq. of Criggie.

In consequence of a wound received when acting with the storming party against Fort Kalunga, in India, Donald Keith Macdonald, 8th dragoons, son of Norman Macdonald, esq. Scalpa.

At Jamaica, Mrs. Douglas, wife of Major Stuart Douglas, 21st foot.

At Grenada, Abraham Charles Adye, esq. his Majesty's attorney-general for that island.

Samuel Whitbread, esq. on the 6th instant, was found dead in his dressing-room, at his house in Dover-street.—The melancholy death of this eminent, intrepid, and steady patriot, has excited so much interest and anxiety, that we should be wanting in our duty to the public if we did not publish all the particulars which have transpired; and the following evidence is completely satisfactory as to the cause of the tragic event which has afflicted all classes of society in this country. On the inquest, the first witness examined was J. Wilshire, esq. of Hertfordshire, from whose deposition it appeared that he was a most particular friend of the deceased. A few weeks ago he received an application from the family of Mr. Whitbread, to come to town for the purpose of soothing their afflicted feelings, and, if possible, by fellowship, to rouse and restore the deceased from the lethargy and dull melancholy that was then operating upon him. On his arrival in town, he found his friend in a low desponding state; and, notwithstanding every exertion, he could but occasionally succeed in shaking off the melancholy which seemed to have seized fast hold of him, or cause him to retract or give up the irregular notions and incoherent expressions he had continually adopted. He intreated Mr. Whitbread also to retire from those pursuits, and that intense application, which apparently disturbed his imagination to a degree bordering on despair. Mr. W. listened on all occasions to his advice, and in many instances promised to adhere to it. He complained, however, bitterly, that he felt he had become completely unfit for business—that his public life was extinct—that he was derided—in short, that he had become "an outcast of society." An evening or two before the fatal transaction, his friend and he dined together. Mr. W. was in excellent health, and conducted himself in that clear and energetic way by which he has always been distinguished; after dinner, however, his mind at once forsook him, and he commenced an argument of a most idle and ridiculous nature. On this he expatiated with as much warmth as though it was a great

national question. His friend on this occasion endeavoured to restore his reason, and pointed out to him the absurdity as well as improbability of his statements. Mr. W., however, persisted in his phrensied declarations; and, among other things, stated that charges of a serious nature were exhibited against him, as well by the public voice as by communications: this was also resisted as erroneous by his friend. Mr. W. however, with much warmth, undertook to prove it by his secretary, who, he said, could produce documents to the fact. The secretary, being in the house, was instantly called, and confronted with him, when the whole of what he (Mr. W.) had stated turned out to be a mere fabrication of the brain. The reason of the deceased seemed again restored for a short time, and he bowed in silent submission of his error. The evidence of Mr. Wilshire went to prove a variety of other incidents relative to the deceased for several months, all of which went to establish a settled derangement of the mind of his lamented friend.—Mr. Holland, also a magistrate, residing at Epsom, and a particular friend, corroborated the account of Mr. Wilshire. Some weeks ago he had noticed an extraordinary stupor and dullness about him, and, imagining that it arose from intense study and application, he entreated him to spend a few days in the country, at his (Mr. Holland's) seat. After much difficulty he succeeded, and Mr. W. accompanied him to Epsom. On the day of their arrival, Mr. W. was in apparent good health and spirits, talked rationally, and retired to rest cheerfully. On his appearance, however, the following morning, being asked by Mr. H. how he did, and how he slept? Mr. W. replied, "he was very ill, indeed, and had not enjoyed half an hour's rest during the night:" he then added, "he must forego the kind invitation of his friend, and go to town; a vast deal of public business remained to be done, and, though he was incapable of performing it, he would struggle at it, and do the best he could." Mr. Holland further related, that he had accompanied Mr. W. to a meeting of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, where he was called to the chair: on that occasion, Mr. W. scarcely opened his lips, and sat in the chair in a senseless state, looking with vacant melancholy upon all around him. On their retiring from the meeting, Mr. W. observed to his friend, "You have now an opportunity of seeing my incapacity for public business; eight or ten years ago I could pretend to do business, but now I feel a total incompetence, and I am only despised for my services." Various other facts were related by Mr. Holland, which demonstrated in the strongest manner the mental derangement of the deceased.—After the evidence of John Weir was taken, which detailed the manner of his death by a razor, &c. the coroner left it to the jury to decide; but stated, that in his opinion a clearer instance of derangement had never come before him, in which the jury, after a moment's consideration, unanimously concurred.—Mr. Whitbread was a patriot in the truest sense of the word; that is to say, he loved his country, for and with her peculiar virtues. He was as free and independent, for instance, in his own individual person, as he wished her to be in the aggregate. He was of no party, though he generally sided with the one he thought best. He was clear, candid, uncompromising, inflexible; a robust speaker as well as talker, rather than an elegant or profound one. What he wanted in absolute genius was more than made up to him by his acknowledged public virtue: he completely shewed, by his superior effect in the House of Commons over the best-informed and most brilliant men, that, if "knowledge is power," as it undoubtedly is, virtue is a still greater one; or, at least, that virtue with sound sense will take the lead of wisdom itself without virtue—if there be such a thing. So great was the power which he thus exercised, that not only did he succeed in carrying objects of which every body else might have despaired, but he possessed an actual over-awing influence upon the most secret designs of ministers, —nay, even upon the commonest points to be carried by private individuals; and thus did an incalculable quantity of good to the country in the way of prevention. Latterly, indeed, the prominence of his name upon the debates respecting the destinies of Europe at large extended this influence beyond the sphere of his own country; and he may be said to have possessed a voice at the council-boards of the very allied sovereigns. In short, Mr. Whitbread was an epitome of the national character: it was he who represented the straight-forward good sense, the warmth of heart, sometimes indiscreet, but always generous,—the simple manners, sometimes abrupt, but always kind,—the sturdy honesty, sometimes abrupt, but always consistent,—the shrewd penetration, ever active, but ever candid,—the boldness of spirit, sometimes violent, but always steady,—which altogether have ever been consi-

dered as the infallible marks of a genuine Englishman. His exterior was as English as his mind: his steady eye—his countenance deeply marked with thoughtfulness, but fluctuating with feeling—his sober gait—his unaffected gestures—even the decided vigorous cast of his person, gave assurance of a man who belonged to a country where the naked soul might walk abroad and feel no shame; where, as yet, the corrupt mummeries of a corrupt civilization are not necessary for the support of a public reputation; where, as yet, there is none of the imbecility of denaturalised states. The very plainness of his dress shewed that he was one of that people among whom the consciousness of internal rectitude is esteemed as the surest property and the noblest ornament. Those who wish to form a correct estimate of his character must not look to two or three particular speeches, but to the whole tenor of his public life: they will then see a consistency of action which was to be found in few other public men; they will see a man always the strenuous and watchful opponent of administration, not from any paltry ambition of place, but on the greatest constitutional ground of operating as a check to the natural tyranny of high power; they will see a patriot, who, while his heart glowed at the proud triumphs of his own countrymen, could find leisure to think of the welfare of other nations besides his own; they will see an advocate, ever accessible and ever ready to support the cause of the injured, whether it was an oppressed alien, or over-punished convict, or an insulted princess; they will see that union of talent and perseverance, of justice and of courage, of eloquence and of sound sense, which makes the cause of truth as irresistible as it is respectable. People who think only of ministerial majorities will call this an exaggerated statement, and say that too much importance was attached to the labours of this distinguished member. They have not thoroughly considered the subject. Mr. Whitbread could not indeed command a majority of votes, but on most important occasions he commanded a majority of opinions. Above all, he commanded and guided the sense of the nation; a force ten times more powerful than the House of Commons, because it always, directly or indirectly, influences the conduct of that assembly. To this the proudest minister is forced to bow: with reference to this, he fabricates every measure; a piece of meditated tyranny is clipped away from this law; a patch of desirable fraud is torn away from that arrangement; and corruption itself is quietly purged of the most acrid particles of its poison. Such is the power of a great moral check, when directed by an able and honest man: and such was the attention paid by Mr. Whitbread to every branch of parliamentary business, such was his acuteness, and such his fearlessness, that many a dirty parish or county job has been stripped of half its intended baseness, lest it should be noticed and denounced by that vigilant and upright commoner. This was an elevation of dignified usefulness, to which the most sanguine ambition could hardly hope to aspire; and to this height he had raised himself by the sheer force of consistency. The loss of such a man is matter of most unfeigned sorrow to every honest Englishman, and seems indeed not easily to be made up. He was the ready advocate of individuals; the unwearied opposer of corruption; and supplied, in his own single person, a host of useful men.—Mr. Whitbread was born in 1758, the only son of the third daughter of Earl Cornwallis. After having passed through Eton and Oxford with distinguished credit, he was sent by his father to make the tour of Europe, under the superintendance of the late Mr. Coxe, celebrated for his publications on Switzerland and Russia. The advantages of such an opportunity were not lost, and Mr. Whitbread then stored his mind with that vast and comprehensive magazine of knowledge which he has since so happily and usefully employed. From his first entrance into life, he warmly attached himself to the late Mr. Fox, and was a zealous supporter of that distinguished statesman. His private life, however amiable, was merged in the superior importance of his public avocations. He died in his 57th year, leaving Lady Elizabeth, his wife (sister to Earl Grey), to lament a loss, great to society, and to them irreparable. To sum up his description, bodily and mental, he was of a stout person; a vigorous and characteristic cast of countenance; simple in his dress; strong in his demeanour; a generous user of his substance; good-hearted, but, we believe, uneven tempered; a well-informed and acute mind; a ready and forcible speaker; a warm friend; a candid enemy; an incorruptible patriot. "Peace be with his infirmities, and blessings on his memory, for all the good he did us with his strength!"

LADIES' FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

MORNING COSTUME.

MORNING dress made of French cambric, and ornamented with celestial-blue ribbon, trimmed at the feet with triple flounces, which are finished with bows of the same colour. The back is peculiarly neat, drawn with broad and full slides, and trimmed with French work; the front is crossed as a handkerchief, and trimmed with quilled *tulle*, or ribband; the sleeves are full, but not quite so much so as in our last: they are slashed with lace and ribband. This dress is worn with a ruff of worked muslin, drawn with celestial blue ribband, *en suite*.

Bonnet of white chip and pearl-coloured sattin, edged and tied under the chin with celestial-blue ribband, and ornamented with a rich plume of feathers, edged with blue to correspond.

The hair dressed full in front. Necklace and ear-rings of coral. Patent silk stockings. Slippers, or half-boots of pale blue kid. Gloves to correspond.

Sarsnet spencers of evening or morning primrose, or violet colours, are much worn, as well as those of celestial-blue.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Made of white crape, and worn over white sarsnet. The body made very full, with cases of various colours; long sleeves, very full at the top, but gradually diminishing to the wrist, richly trimmed with *tulle* round the neck and the bottom of the dress. The petticoat quite as short, or rather shorter, than in our last. The Waterloo hat, made in moss silk or straw of a peculiar fineness, lined with fluted sattin, and ornamented with a rich plume of evening-primrose or straw-coloured feathers. This hat is quite new and exceedingly tasteful, but the shape differs very little from that of the O'Neil bonnet, which we described in our last number. A scarf of patent net, richly embroidered, and thrown carelessly over the shoulders.

EVENING COSTUME.

A Waterloo gauze of white, pink, or evening primrose, over a white sattin slip, terminating at the feet with rich triple flounces of blond lace, headed with a broad border of convolvuluses, appliqued with jessamine and mignionette. The back drawn with an easy fullness, and brought to a point reaching nearly to the bottom of the waist, and trimmed all round, back and front, with quilling of blond lace, to correspond with the bottom of the dress; handsome cord and tassels confine the waist, and tie in front. The sleeves, which are quite novel, full at the top, diminish gradually, and are finished at the bottom with blond lace.

There is no alteration in the form of the hair, which is dressed in the same costume as in our last; but there is a new-invented hat, which is uncommonly elegant, and singularly appropriate for the season: it is composed of patent net, crape, and whalebone, ornamented with a novel trimming, and an elegant plume of ostrich feathers. The shape is peculiarly tasteful, and so very becoming, that we anticipate it will be a universal favourite.

Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of pearls. White kid shoes and gloves. Fan of lama silver.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

We fully expected that the general mourning that was announced for the lamented death of the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, and the many family mournings which of necessity would take place after such a sanguinary contest, would have thrown a damp over any novelties in the world of fashion this month. The mourning, however, though very great, has not been near so general as it was expected, and the fashionable novelties has not been less than in any preceding month. The battle of Waterloo has given a name to a new article for ladies' dresses, which we think not very appropriate, since this article is very thin and flimsy, which cannot be said of the battle, than which nothing could be more decisive. A very tasty and elegant hat, for the morning costume or promenade, is also named from it. In addition to these articles, we have also described several novelties in the form of dress, corsets, &c.

Muslins, gauzes, French washing silks, French cambrics, sarsnets, and poplins, are all worn in the promenade costume; the two latter chiefly as spencers.—French cambric is in great estimation, and makes a most elegant *deshabille*.

Worked borderings for flounces, trimmings, &c. are now generally introduced

in the stead of lace, which, if used, is now also worked in a rich border.

In half-dress, caps still continue very general, and are worn with bouquets of flowers.

Flowers are much worn within doors in the morning costume, and feathers in the promenade or carriage costume.

There is no alteration in the manner of wearing the hair since our last number.

The prevailing colours are celestial-blue and morning and evening primrose.

Mrs. ETCHES, of 91, New Bond-street, to whom we are indebted for the fashions of this month, has invented a new stay, in which she has united novelty and elegance: it displays the shape to the greatest advantage, in all its native ease and gracefulness; gives support to the figure, and dignity to the gait.

HORTULANA.

AUGUST.

Now jocund Summer, with her honied breath
Sweet'ning the golden grain and blithsome gale,
Displays her sun-burnt face
Beneath her hat of straw.

THE powerful influence of the solar beams now ripens the various sorts of grain destined for the food of men and cattle. This month is the principal season of harvest, except in the more northern parts, where it is often much later, and protracted to October or even November. The southern counties of England yield their valuable produce of hops this month.

The number of plants in flower is greatly diminished in this month, those which lately bloomed running fast to seed. At the beginning of the month, melilot, rue, water-parsnip, horehound, water-mint, the orpine, and the gentiana amarella, have their flowers full blown. The numerous varieties of the heath are now in all their beauty. Towards the end of the month, the wild orach, the sweet gale, the wild clary, the golden rod, the milk-thistle, and the ladies'-traces, are in full bloom. The scarcity of flowers, however, at this season is amply repaid by an abundance of fruits of various kinds and hues.

——The mealy plum
Hangs purpling, or displays an amber hue;
The luscious fig, the tempting pear, the vine,
Perchance that in the noon-tide eye of light
Basks glad in rich festoons. The downy peach,
Blushing like youthful cheeks; the nectarine full
Of lavish juice.—BIDLAKE.

Propagate aromatic plants, by slips or cuttings of sage, hyssop, winter-savory, and majoram. Cut down, in the beginning of this month, the decayed flower-stems of these, and shorten the straggling young roots.

Plant the autumnal flowering bulbs taken up last May, and in dry weather be not sparing of water. This is a proper time to propagate saxifrage. Auricula plants should be shifted into fresh earth. The seedling auriculas and polyanthuses may be pricked out from the seed bed; also sow auricula and polyanthus seed. Plant out carnation and sweet-william layers; remove crown-imperial roots, martagons, and red lilies, also the roots of bulbous and Persian iris; likewise the roots of the crocus, narcissus, jonquil, and freterallies. This should be done as the leaves fade; and offsets should be taken off and replanted. Transplant seedlings, perennials, and biennials. All hedges should now be clipped. Sow sweet-peas, Venus's navelwort, dwarf annual stocks, Lobal's catchfly, chrysanthemums, sweet-sultan, Adonis, Indian scabius, &c. and most of the umbiliferous plants. Sow also seeds of bulbous flower-roots; as tulips, hyacinths, narcissuses, irises, crocusses, crown-imperials, freterallies, lilies, martagons, &c.

Inoculate orange and lemon trees; give them some fresh earth, and do not omit watering.

This is the best time to clip hedges—hawthorn, holly, yew, privet, hornbeam, elm, lime, &c.; clip also box-edgings. Continue to mow grass-walks and lawns,

and keep gravel-walks clear of weeds. The flower borders, beds, and shrubbery compartments, should be kept neat. Budding may still be performed.

Shift such green-house shrubs and succulent plants as require larger pots. Propagate aloes by slips.

MONTHLY KALENDAR.

AUGUST.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array.

AUGUST is painted as a fierce-looking youth in a flame-coloured garment, and crowned with a garland of wheat, having a sickle under his belt and a basket of fruit on his arm; near him the sign of *Virgo*, the Virgin, which the Sun enters on the 24th. Augustus Cæsar gave this month (formerly Sextilis) his own name, being the month in which he was first appointed consul, when he celebrated three triumphs, when he reduced Egypt, and when he put an end to the civil wars. It was called by the Saxons *arn-monat*, or *barn-monat*, when the barns were filled with corn.

1. Tuesday.—*Lammas Day.* It is said to have been so called because anciently those who held land of the metropolitan see of York were, by their tenure, to bring on this day a lamb alive into the church at high-mass. Other authors derive it from a Saxon word, signifying *loaft-mass*, because it was customary then to bring an offering of a loaf made of new wheat. In the Roman church it is generally called *St. Peter in Fetters*, in commemoration of that apostle's imprisonment.
2. Wednesday.—The Sun rises 4 h. 20 m.; sets 7 h. 42 m.
3. Thursday.—Twilight ends 10 h. 27 m.
4. Friday.—Day 15 h. 14 m. long.
5. Saturday.—*New Moon*, at 7 in the morning.
6. ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

   Transfiguration. A festival in commemoration of the miraculous change of our Saviour's appearance on the holy mount, when he was beheld in glorious majesty conversing with Moses and Elias, by Peter, James, and John, who being overshadowed by a cloud, there issued thence a voice, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him!" It was instituted by Pope Calixtus in 1455.
7. Monday.—*Name of Jesus.* This festival appears to have been instituted in commemoration of the appearance of the angel to Joseph, announcing to him that the child of which his wife, the Virgin Mary, was pregnant was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and that he should call his name Jesus.
8. Tuesday.—Venus is with the Moon.
9. Wednesday.—Saturn sets 4 h. morning.
10. Thursday.—*St. Lawrence.* He was a native of Spain, and instructed by Xystus the Martyr, who, on being raised to the popedom in 257, ordained Lawrence, and appointed him the first of the seven deacons who served the Roman church. The Prefect of Rome, eager to possess the riches of the church, sent for Lawrence, to whom these treasures were intrusted, and commanded him to produce them. The saint produced, as such treasures, the poor who were supported by the church; on which the prefect, in a transport of rage, declared that he should die by inches. After other torments, he was extended on a large gridiron, made on purpose, and then gradually burned to death, 10th August, 258. King Philip of Spain, having gained an important victory on the festival of St. Lawrence, erected in honour of him the Escurial, the largest palace in Europe, consisting of courts and quadrangles, all in the shape of a gridiron. On the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, London, the vane of the steeple is in the form of a gridiron.
11. Friday.—The Dog-days end. *First Quarter of the Moon*, 11 at night. The Herschel planet will appear stationary.
12. Saturday.—The Prince of Wales born 12th August, 1762; appointed Regent 6th February, 1811.
13. TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Old Lammas Day.
14. Monday.—The Pleiades rise 11 h. 48 m.

15. Tuesday.—*Assumption.* A festival instituted by the church of Rome in honour of the Virgin Mary, who they believe was taken up soul and body into heaven.
16. Wednesday.—The Duke of York born 16th August, 1763.
17. Thursday.—Jupiter sets 8 h. 41 m. afternoon.
18. Friday.—Mars rises 9 h. 13 m. afternoon.
19. Saturday.—*Full Moon*, 12 at night.
20. THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
21. Monday.—The Duke of Clarence, born 21st August, 1765.
22. Tuesday.—Day break 2 h. 38 m.
23. Wednesday.—Twilight ends 9 h. 19 m.
24. Thursday.—The Sun enters the sign *Virgo*, or the Virgin, 4 m. past 2, morning.
St. Bartholomew.—He was one of our Saviour's twelve apostles, and, as such, after the resurrection, penetrated even to farther India to propagate the faith. He returned to the north-west parts of Asia, and travelled into Lycaonia and to Armenia, where he suffered martyrdom, having been flayed alive. This day will ever be remembered for the horrid massacre of Protestants in 1662, when 100,000 were butchered in France.
25. Friday.—Length of the day, 14 hours; night, 10 hours.
26. The Moon and planet Mars are in conjunction.
27. FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—*Last Quarter of the Moon*, 10 at night.
28. *St. Augustine.* This champion of the faith was born at Tageste, a small town in Numidia, where he studied, as he did afterwards at Madowra and at Carthage, and became a learned and able professor of philosophy and rhetoric. When he began to study the Scriptures, their simplicity disgusted him, and he remained long in religious perplexity, until, by the doctrines of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, he became a thorough convert in the year 386, and the 32d of his age; when he was ordained priest, and evinced the most zealous piety, administering to every one's necessities at his house near Carthage, where all things were in common. In 391 he was chosen bishop of Hippo. During the siege of Hippo by the Vandals, he was seized with a fever, which carried him off in 430. He is one of the most voluminous and brilliant writers of the Roman church.
29. Tuesday.—*St. John Baptist beheaded.* This day was formerly denominated *Festum collectionis sancti Johannis Baptistæ*, or the festival of collecting the relic of St. John the Baptist; but since it has, by corruption, become *Festum decollationis*, or the festival of his decollation by order of the tetrach Herod. His nativity is celebrated on the 24th of June.
30. Wednesday.—The days decrease 2 h. 52 m.
31. Thursday.—Sun rises 5 h. 11 m.; sets 5 h. 49 m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our next number will contain, S. H. B. *on "Protestant Nunneries,"* QUÆDEM *on "Black Bettles," and the poetical favour of* S. W. X. Z.

There are also under consideration, the "Reasonable Wife," the "Vision of Fancy," and the "Dress of the Quakers."

We regret that we cannot admit SOPHIA'S *sentiments upon the Trinity, but subjects so purely theological are not within our plan.*

We shall attend to the Metrical Romance of "the Orphans" in our Review.

The Lines by ELIZA *require much correction before they can be properly presented to the public, although they clearly prove the existence of a poetical feeling in their author, whose modest diffidence is extremely amiable.*

We have no doubt that the Rencontre between the Harper and Ballad-singer was truly humourous to a looker-on; but, as the humour in these instances is rather in the manner than the matter, it is difficult to convey it by literary means. The point would tell, but will not read, well.

The "Wreath of Woodbine," and "Verses to Ellen," cannot be admitted without alterations and corrections, which we cannot venture to take without permission.

W—'s Hint shall be attended to.

The favours of our correspondent E. M., *whether in prose or verse, will be highly esteemed.*

Persons abroad who wish to be supplied with the BRITISH LADY'S MAGAZINE *every month, as published, may have them sent, free of postage, to* NEW YORK, QUEBEC, HALIFAX, *&c. &c. or to any part of the* WEST INDIES, *at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, General Post Office,* 21, *Sherborne-lane: to* LISBON, HAMBURGH, CADIZ, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, *or to any part of the* MEDITERRANEAN, *by Mr. Serjeant,* 22, *Sherborne-lane: also to the* CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, *or any part of the* EAST INDIES, *by Mr. Guy, at the East-India House.*

W Haines. del.t

E. Scriven. sculp.t

MISS O'NEIL.

London. Published Sept.r 1813 by J. Souter, 73. Fleet Street, Sow.